

# Mailer on Madonna

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1994 • \$2.50

## WOMEN WE LOVE

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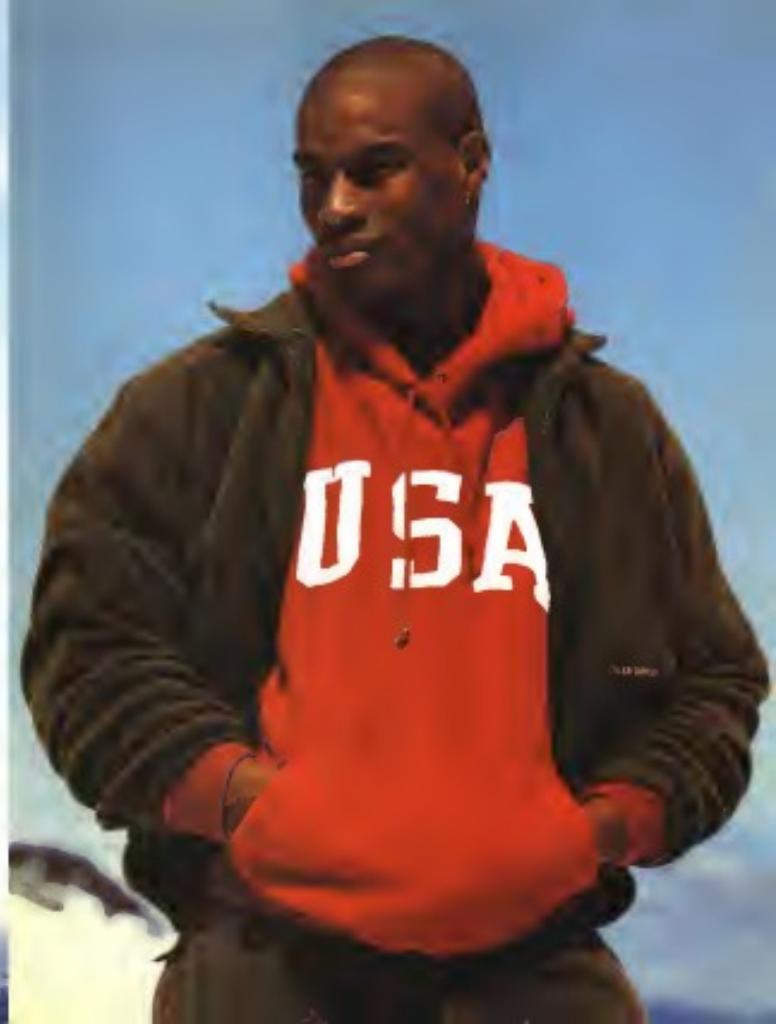
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T O M M Y



H I L F I G E R

## Women We Love

## Like a Lady

BY NORMAN MAILLER

What happens when two of the most ardent provocateurs of our time get together to discuss family, condoms, transubstantiation, feminism, nose rings, and somebody named Letterman?

## How Do We Love Thee? 58

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## Into the Heart of Whiteness

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BY DANIEL VOLK

Eugene Terre Blanche and his Afrikaner Resistance Movement could not prevent Nelson Mandela from assuming power, but now they have vowed to disrupt his fragile new democracy by any means necessary. A month on the run with South Africa's ultra-right-wing commandos.



## The Summer of '69

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BY ELIZABETH KATE, EVE BABITZ, BAL BRUND, AND ANNE BEATTE Twenty-five years ago, in the course of one month, four events sent the decade of love out on a crescendo: the moon landing, the Manson killings, Chappaquiddick, and, of course, Woodstock. Four writers flash back to a time when you had to strap on your gravity boots, drive carefully, and stay away from the brown acid.



Calvin Klein  
nude de toilette  
Lazarus

COVER HAIR BY RICHARD MARCUS; MAKEUP BY DAISY ITALIA FOR POLID BEAUTY DESIGNERS, INC.

[continued on page 18]



Saddle Bag



Lace Up Ankle Boot

**"We support artistic freedom and creative license  
but draw the line at nude footage."**

**—Kenneth Cole**

## Reality Check



Jacqueline Onassis tells her story, Braundo has his story told, Jay McInerney cozies up to a supermodel, Betty Boop lets it all hang out. Plus: the second coming of the 'fro. By Jeannette Walls

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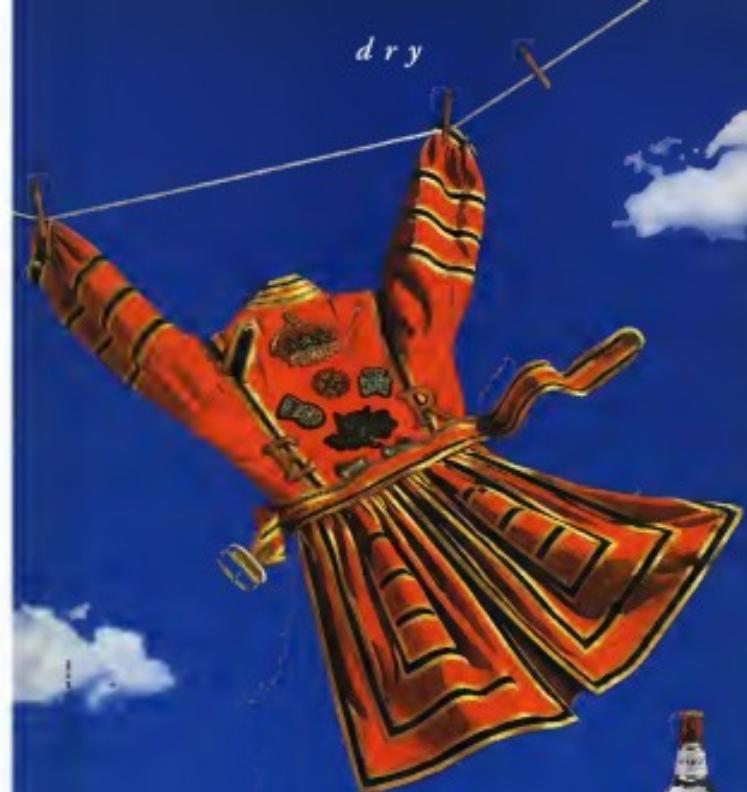
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### Mr. Peepers, Esq.

How much would you pay for a set of Clark Gable's golf clubs?

By John Banville

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dry

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**BOSS**  
HUGO BOSS

MEN AT WORK.

Formula 1 Driver Mika Hakkinen during pre-qualifying.

# Esquire

# ON SALE AUGUST 23

# GENTLEMAN

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THERE IS ONLY ONE  
WAY TO FIND OUT WHETHER  
A DESIGN IS TRULY TIMELESS.  
BUILD IT TO LAST.



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observe that luxury automobiles have come a long way. Especially the ones built to go a long time.



SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE.

## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



**I**F LIKE EVERYONE ELSE in the Western world these days, you want to kick Madonna's admirably tight butt, fine and dandy. But don't necessarily do it in **Dennis Miller's** presence ("Take a Laundry," page 40). The seventy-one-year-old writer may be looking as avuncularly protective as the thirty-six-year-old performer. After all, who knows better than Miller what it's like to live with the media when they're in a feeding frenzy? Of course, Miller feels Madonna is more than able to take care of herself.

Despite the assurance of her formidable, buff allure, Miller confessed to being frightened most by Madonna's intelligence. "She has the ability to become the instrument of her own will," he said. "So with me, she was all mad. Perhaps it was her influence of how beautiful I was being."

They spoke over the course of three days, the last two at Madonna's Central Park West apartment, and Miller came away with a compass针 of sentiments for the celebrated star, not unlike his appreciation for a blond headshot of another era—although, as he said, "I could never have had this kind of conversation with Marilyn." Nonetheless, he discerned a certain refractory energy in Madonna: "I think she's becoming more aware of the fact that can sit in time space, and she doesn't want to waste her artistic energy being defensive."

Miller himself is hardly headbanging his creative forces. He recently completed a seventeen-hundred-page manuscript about Lee Harvey Oswald for Random House. He's also finished a book on Picasso (Grove/Atlantic) and has begun work on the second volume of *Hector's Ghost*.

FOR OUR SEVENTH ANNUAL *Women We Love* feature (page 58), we asked a number of the magazine's familiar voices—as well as some new ones—to write about their favorite **Jessy Brooks**, talk tough about **Tonya Harding**, **Nick Twilley**, whose novel *Stratos* will be published in October, mumble an old flaccid for **Sophia Loren**, **Dennie Dunn**, whose *A Season in Fagazine* was recently published in paperback, gets (pleasantly) intimate with the always audacious editor **Judith Regan**, **Eric Bogosian**, whose acclaimed

play *Suburbia* is currently running off-Broadway, gets down, and dry about **Sonic Youth's** **Kim Gordon**, **New York City author** **Wible Morris** pens for the queen of Fifties prurpa, **Betty Page** (whose photo on pages 86 and 87 is taken from the forthcoming book *Betty Big: Confessions*), **George Wile** shudders about New Jersey governor Christine Whitman. The entire package, however, would never have been possible without the stiff juggling act of one of our very own **Women We Love**, picture editor **Marianne Bedell**.

Shortly before South Africa's elections in April, **Daniel Poll** arrived to report on the right-wing resistance movement led by Eugene Terre Blanche ("From the Heart of Whiteness," page 56). The majority of whites, Poll notes, are moderate and simply trying to coexist in the new South Africa. "The Afrikaners are an extraordinary tribe," says Poll, who previously covered South Africa for *Newsweek* and *The New Republic*. "They arrived in Africa before many of our ancestors arrived here. And their survival has a moral dimension."

Assuming you weren't busy believing in the MTA during the summer of 1995, you might have noticed that four remarkable events occurred within a month of one another: the moon landing, the Manson killings, Chippapahidick, and Woodstock! ("The Summer of '69," page 84). Contributing editor **Shankar Kapur** reminisces about *Born Alive's* fall to earth. **Ira Wolfson**, author of *Black Sails*, recalls the days following the Manson murders. **Kelli Bramm**, chief of ABC News' political unit, revisits Ted Kennedy's steps in Chippapahidick, and **Anne Batta**, creator of TV's *Super Big* and a former writer for *Saturday Night Live*, makes her trek to Woodstock.

**Gary Tashen**, who wrote "The Skinny on Working Out" (page 93), is the author of *Bad Sperm* (Random House), which chronicles the controversy over cold fusion.

Finally, we are pleased to announce the return of **Bobby**, the pop-eyed soul who has been the magazine's mascot since he debuted on Esquire's second cover in 1954, shrugging out of a champagne glass to herald the end of prohibition. This month, the little guy returns—updated by illustrator **Gary Edinger**—to the pages of *Man At His Best*, where he can be seen, as always, ogling. Welcome back, old chum. ■

Photo © 1994 Michael Ochs Archives

**It climbed up there by itself.**



**REMY MARTIN**

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# Reality Check

Royalty

## She Won't Let It Be Forgot

**T**HREE GREAT STELLAR PUBLISHING stories might be a new *J. B. Salinger* novel. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis wrote a memoir and gave her children, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg and John F. Kennedy Jr., permission to publish it if and when they choose to. "We know how valuable it could be. She was an publishing," says a confidante, who was told of the manuscript by Mrs. Onassis herself. "People used to offer her millions and millions of dollars for her memoirs. She's been keeping them all along for that purpose."

Before her death, Mrs. Onassis denied reports that she'd written her autobiography. Indeed, her longtime spokeswoman, Nancy Tuckerman, continues to deny that one exists. But, says the source, "I don't care who's doing what. This is her gift to her children, and we'll be reading it, probably several years down the road."



Not since Farrah Fawcett has the world wanted to listen so badly.



### Old Couples

## The Horror! The Horror!

**S**TORIES of Marlon Brando's bisexuality have long been reported. Now whispers of a much more serious relationship will finally be put to rest in a new biography by Peter Maass, who has spent the last seven years researching his larger-than-life subject.

According to Hollywood lore, in the late fifties Brando was living with his childhood chum, TV's Ed Flanders, **Wally Cox**, though many believed the relationship was more than platonic. Indeed, it was even rumored that a photographer once captured Brando performing fellatio on Cox. Maass has not only uncovered the

### Tough Guys

## Y. A. Tittle, Eh?

**N**EW YORK CITY may finally fill the football void it's had since the Jets did a bootleg to Jersey. A group of investors is trying to snap up a New York franchise in the CFL. **Terrell Wingo**, part owner of the Jets, already said no to playing in Shea Stadium, "says a source. The Knick don't count

Cox tale but has located the photograph in full. While Maass notes that the picture clearly shows a young Brando performing fellatio, he says that the face of the other fellow isn't visible. "Wally and Marlon had a very special, intense relationship," says Maass. "Marlon fucked women, but he loved men."

Although he had a number of homosexual relationships, there is no evidence to suggest that Wally was one of them. "Typically, which will publish Maass's book this fall, debated whether to go with the photo. 'Not surprisingly, they decided against it,'" says a source. And the world is a better place for it.

## Jane Fonda ÷ 3 = Linda Hunt

A RECENT ISSUE of *The Hollywood Reporter* listed the power rankings of numerous actors and actresses, based on grades from studio executives, producers, and distributors from around the world. The highest possible score was 100 (for such bankable names as Harrison Ford, Tom Cruise, and Mel Gibson), while the lowest was 40 (Squidley Gray becomes one at 11). Just by



Terence Stamp (40) + Jane Fonda (10) + Jack Palance (99)

Cyrill Shapoval (30) + Susan Sarandon (40) + Mira Sorvino (20)

Ralph Fiennes (64) + Alan Rickman (42) + Sean Connery (51)



Jim Belushi (30) + David Caruso (41) + Christian Slater (60)

Gérard Depardieu (70) + Jean-Paul Belmondo (75) + Ted Danson (55)

Woody Harrelson (32) + Bob Fosse (30) + Arnold Schwarzenegger (100)

Albert Brooks (54) + Dennis Hopper (34) + Sylvie Lot (48)

doing a little simple math, you can learn a lot about the way Hollywood works. For instance: **Dier Johnson** (41) + **Mickey Rourke** (50) + **Bruce Willis** (50) would explain why the producers of *Home Alone* and *The Mosquito Coast* might have thought they had a Bruce Willis film on their hands. They did. Unfortunately, that film was *Hudson Hawk*. Here are some other interesting equations:

Janet Leigh (30) + Brad Pitt (30) = Robert Redford (90)

Bob Lowe (32) + Dennis Hopper (48) = Warren Beatty (50)



Mary Hart (30) + Jennifer Grey (40) + Julia Roberts (50)

Cloris (40) + Andie MacDowell (40)

Sometimes the numbers tell you a little bit about the way the rest of the world works, too:



Helen Mirren (40) + Christian Slater (60) + Albert Brooks (54)

### Beautiful People

## Dueling Gias

**W**HEN IT comes to knowledge of Seventies supermodels, who is the bigger expert—**Barbara Hulanicki** or **Eric Bogosian**? The two are racing to finish screenplays based on the tragic story of model **Gia Carangi**, who was a bona fide adetus and died of AIDS in 1986.

Bogosian is adapting **Stephanie Farrow's** account biography of Gia, which

isn't of beauty, while McFarlane is researching and writing an original script for *Home Box Office*.

"My research didn't like the book," says McFarlane, who has been spending a lot of time lately interviewing such shapely insiders as **Jeanne Deppineau**, the mother of **Dionne Warwick's** love child and a former model herself. McFarlane

says that although he's friendly with Bogosian, he's not worried about the competition. "Knowing *Barbara*, she'll try to give it an upbeat ending. I can hear the name now, saying, 'They're so lucky to be off to the White House'!"

**Barbara** and **Eric** are still in the game, though. "They're still working on it," says McFarlane. "They're still in the game."

### Photography

## Not a Good Time

**W**HY ISN'T *Time* magazine put an old **Bill Clinton** photograph on the cover and made it look as though he and

**Chelsea** were having a possible liaison? **Whitehouse.com** is trying to get into the game, now, to not the time to be making enemies or have the President question your credibility?" Take it easy, Jerry! Here's a **Bill Clinton** and son.



Gag: Happy ending?

# Reality Check

Actors

## Misogynistic Lee

**S**pike Lee's little brother, **Gregory Lee**, wants to do the film thing. Not a *U. Love*, a script by the younger Lee (who co-wrote Spike's *DaSweet*), has been making the rounds. Spike would produce,

Cinque would direct. Here's how Cinque describes the film that he says "comes to me in a nightmare": "It's a story about a guy who is a misogynist but doesn't know it. He's beaten by a tribal rabbit and goes into a

The

## When a Man Loves a Sponsor



Last his NBA?

**E**VEN WITH the **Baby Brothers** aren't the only ones who think Michael Sacks isn't the real thing. Coca-Cola was planning to sponsor the golden-tressed singer's tour this summer, but, says a source, the company pulled out around the time a pretty decided Sacks had "unconsciously plagiarized" his hit "Love Is a Wonderful Thing." From the Baby Brothers' people and a Coca-Cola spokesman deny the report, but the source says, "When Coke dropped out so suddenly, Sacks' people were scrambling to find a sponsor." Bet they could have gotten Cliff Notes?

The Drawing Board

## That's Not All, Folks . . .

**A**fter **Jessica Alba's** interpretation of **Shane Stone** on the lower-deck version of **Who Framed Roger Rabbit?** weren't enough, those wacky animators also tried to give us a topical **Betty Boop**.

According to a highly-revered source, the mischievous aeronauts were not only not interested, they were okayed by **Brian Spangler**, whose company worked with Disney to make the film. In fact, the



Illustrators wanted to include some very lewd scenes of Betty as an homage to **Max Fleischer**, the early-twentieth-century filmmaker who used to put X-rated animation into some of the *Boop* cartoons. So the illustrators thought it would be fun to sneak some topless frames of her into *Roger Rabbit*, explains the source. The revealing cel were then brought to the attention of Spangler, who "at first go[ed] on the basis of artistic

Karma

## What a Heel!

**C**huck Jones may have earned some jail time for getting a bit too intimate with **Maria Mapa Trump**'s paunch, but the other shoe may be about to drop—for **Donald**.

The naturally vindictive Jones is

asking the **Centro Control Committee**

to look into possible

dealings between

Trump—who runs

several Atlantic City

carnavals—and opulent

club magnate **Michael J. Peter**, who was

recently indicted by a

federal grand jury

for allegedly doing

business with the

Gambino crime family.

According to

Jones's statement to

the CCC, Trump

asked Peter to help

him set up implants

operations in his

cajun and in the

Pass Hoot.

Jones refused to

comment on the

matter. Trump says,

"Peter wanted to

open a strip club

in Atlantic City and I

said no." Obviously,

he is more of a leg

man, too. **H**

## The Pomo 'Fro



Sean Penn  
Dennis Haysbert

Dennis Haysbert  
Dennis Haysbert

Dennis Haysbert  
Dennis Haysbert

Dennis Haysbert  
Dennis Haysbert

**L**ike long-haired rockin' mafiosi like **Luciano** and **Joe Pesci**, New Jersey's **Seventies** archetypal ruffian is **last**. Literally. The second meeting of the **Alma Any power trio**, **Rebel MCs**, and **rock stars far behind**? They could have gotten **Cliff Notes**

Dennis Haysbert  
Dennis Haysbert

Dennis Haysbert  
Dennis Haysbert

ARTICLE AND STYLING BY CLIFFORD STONE; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ROBERT MURRAY FOR BARNEYS NEW YORK





# MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## Henry Rollins: Pants on Fire

**Early at sixty:** Our ageless mascot is back. He's had some work done.

**A** man who's so hairy looking good that you never question why things are going so well. "Why?" If you've seen the video for "Liar," from singer-psychodrama master Henry Rollins' new album *Wings*, you know damn well why. With a breathtaking confidence common to psychos and down-

won for "Liar," from singer-psychodrama master Henry Rollins' new album *Wings*. Why? You know damn well why. With a breathtaking confidence common to psychos and down-

town cult figures, Rollins transforms himself into a red-faced, foliaceous demon, winking in joy at the prospect of tormenting his next lover: "Because I'm a her I'll use your mind out. I'll burn your soul. I'll ram you into me."

Then The "Liar" video at a peak in the eye with a sharp stick, he's also giddily appealing as though, maybe, the best four minute show in town. Rollins and photographer/director Anton Corbijn have staged a scene from a *Blowmonstrous Beach* comic book. As the Liar dances in front of a shony television set whose first sprung jets of flame, his face is caught in a series of close-ups—swallowing, loring, periodically begging for forgiveness—that play like a slide-show essay on the physiognomy of male rage. Rollins himself was a slipped-around, hard-kicked lad from D.C. who came of age onstage in the spirt of the lead singer of the quasi-legendary L.A. hardcore band Black Flag. Since then, he's been exploding—losing weight and consuming the

best, sauciest movies, Yoko Ono, whatever fooolish supplements he can chew on. Now he's the pumped-up, self-conquering leader of Rollins Band and a leading light on the fooolish "spoken word" circuit. "Liar" is his signature showcase. The slightly alarming wonder of it is that we should care.

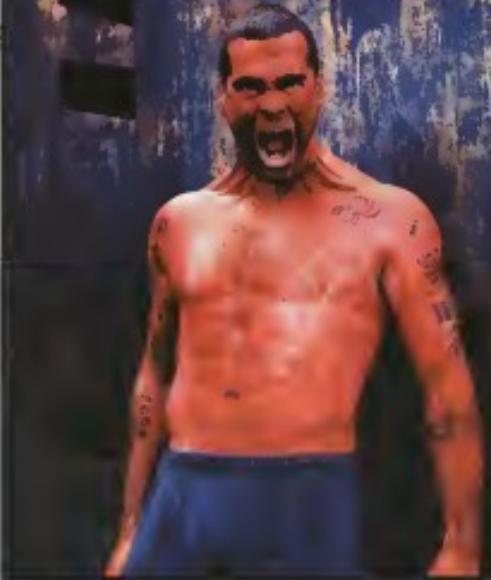
There's been talk lately of the "post-erotic" male. The Liar is post-erotic all right—post-human, more like it—but he seems to have something for everyone. For women who have been dogged by the suspicion that men have been paying only lip service to the feminist ideal, or, for that matter, to common decency—an a word, lying—"Liar" is sweet validation. As for men, realize him and observers may not appreciate the Liar giving away the game, but more or less decent men, less naturally tormented than Rollins, can't help but be inspired. Rage is good, it's sexy to be bad. That's one reason we need the women we love, to help put us back in our place.

—JONATHAN BLOOM

**Pathology report:** Henry Rollins's "Liar" updates the theory and practice of desire.



**Dominique's mega motor:** The Ducati 904, a most mind-blowing piece of Italian machinery, is hitting the street at around \$15,000.

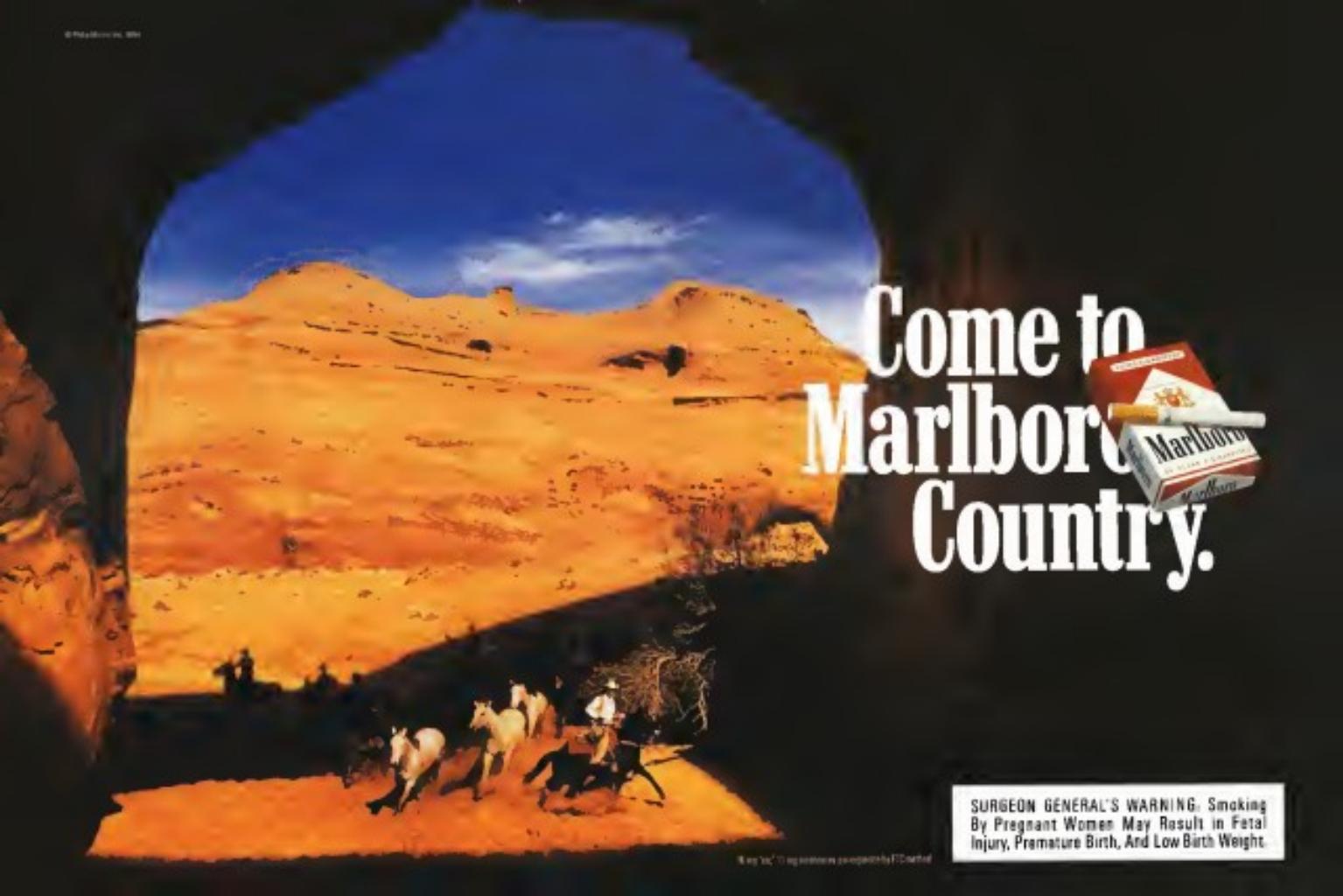


## TOYS Italian Red

**F**LORENCE, Veneto, Sicily—all the great Italian city-states have been absorbed by the large sprawling metropolis of the Republic of San Marino, from whence has past the name of the Ducati 904 superbike. The company will produce just three thousand specimens of what may be the closest thing the world offers to a two-wheeled Ferrari. A number will be bought by Americans who are discovering the virtues of the Ducati. On the strips of southern California and the tide zones of the Lower East Side, Ducati riders proudly face down Harley and Honda gangs, thanks to a combination of sheer attitude and engine horsepower.

Describing the engine is wonderful enough in English—four-stroke, four-valve, 90-degree V-twin—but it sounds even better in Italian. Dominique, the name for the Ingrediente power plant

that turned back all Japanese competition in motorcycle racing, a sport no less compelling for lacking an American network TV contract. That engine now powers the 904, an instant classic in the tradition of the company's collectible 1975 model. The only question is whether the machine is more beautiful with its obscenely sport frame exposed or tucked up in Tennessee red body panels that reduce, rather, the tradition of power and grace found in the best Italian sports cars and in the armor of the knights who once roamed the walls of the city-states. —PHIL PATTON



# Come to Marlboro Country.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

# Junko's Jazz



**Piano forte.** Junko Onishi's passionate keyboard attack belies her cool, petite persona

**W**HEN Junko Onishi was an eighteen-year-old girl in Tokyo, she withdrew into her room and refused to eat until her horrified parents agreed to let her come to America to study jazz. "I never talked to them or saw them," she says. "Then finally I won. A shy, striking woman of twenty-seven, Onishi speaks English in a soft voice, occasionally with unpredictable accents ("With Duke Ellington, I like the feeling").

Under the influence of *The Piano*, one might be tempted to say that her true voice is the piano, save that Michael Nyman's soundtrack is so pleasantly mordant, and junko's jazz soaring. Her Blue Note post-war debut, *Chorus*, is an album of almost alarming maturity. From the first track, her original "Euloga," the bass notes snap with a child's rude joy, the themes build, repeat, and decay with an unbroken sense of order.

—JOSEPH HOPPER

Two years ago, Onishi left the competitive, over-hopped scene in New York and returned to Japan, devoting herself to her musical idols in Ornette Coleman, the focus "so hot of the moment." Duke Ellington gave her "the soul sound" and Thelonious Monk, "the closer kind of sound, crushing the notes." Junko's sound is, of course, her own, a voice born of discipline and ferocious will.

TOP: GASPARD TRINGALE

## Who Do You Love?

**L**yle Lovett's smoky Texas twang was always hard to figure, even before Dolly Parton (does she should talk) said his hair was weird. But in light of his recent pronouncements at the check-out stands, what are Lyle here to make of the lyrics on his new album, *I Love Everybody* (NCA)? "I don't go for f---ed things, baby cars, or movie stars," he says. "They Don't Like Me," in which his bride's family is bound to remark, "We're really not that ugly?" Oh, the tortured-soul-edness! Lyle, we'd like to be just that.

Of course, this is not to say the album isn't overflowing with Lyle's off-kilter charm. Mood right for a change, he trots through his Leonard Cohen/Randy Newman routine in fine voice. There is the mood-matching complement of understated longing ("Skinny Legs"), lumbopade-headed sadness ("Fat Babies," "Prague"), and cheerful exuberance ("I Love Everybody"). Remarkable in this context are the newly minted love songs, most notably the kooky "Just the Morning." Kind of makes shivers down your back, it sounds as if he really cares. Which is sort of dangerous, love being ephemeral like it is. Probably it's better to stick with songs like "Orange Like Me," a saga of how Lyle, in his Norman Bates mode, keeps his wife lost in the closet. There's more permanent stuff there, too:





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## NEW WRITING

# And Her Friends Called Her Bill



Plus but hardly mollie:  
Billie Holiday took love where  
she found it—and love

**B**ILLIE HOLIDAY—  
she of the garden-  
ia in the hair, the  
sluty voice, and the achingly  
languid delivery—has become  
the Eternal Diva of American  
culture. Now that she's more

with us than ever (the  
stammer *Wife* called her  
"standoff"), in two CD  
"compilations," and the U.S.  
Post Office is issuing a com-  
memorative stamp, we're  
showing her has a way of  
infecting the form of worship.  
Even Donald Clarke, author  
of the new *Whaling on the  
Moor* (*Whaling*, can't resist  
calling her as washed with  
Green, except G. goes on each  
to test the rest of us).

"Forgive him, like God  
(they say), Billie has it in  
the details, and Lady Day's  
was one of the most mesmor-  
ably gauleen on record. Per-  
haps, if you will, Billie Holiday  
and Tallulah Bankhead, two  
bazaillian stars from hap-  
pily colliding universes,  
giving each other the  
fugly throw-downs series.  
Tallulah declaiming in her  
high-theater docto, Billie  
calling back, "Lulu, come here!" (Holiday's female univer-  
sities called her Bill or Wilson). Or Lady Day  
shaking the guard out from  
a club with even smutty  
debutante in tow. Not wanting  
to be a slave to ex-  
pectation or expectation, she  
parks one of her missions  
into her hotel bedroom in-  
stead, with a "Goodnight,  
girl," leaving her admirers  
on the sputhe finale.

Clarke's great achieve-  
ment here is having written  
a gospel of Billie that isn't  
all crucifixion. Yes, between  
the dwarfed off-sentences, the  
abusive man, and the house-  
wife, there was pain enough  
for ten lives. Still, even on  
her deathbed, Holiday  
didn't lack for spit-in-your-  
eyes spirit. "I've always been  
a religious bitch," she said  
after her estranged husband  
tried to read the Twenty-  
Second Psalm over her. "But if  
that evil motherfucker be-  
lieves in God, I'm thinking  
it over."

**I**N MAY 1931, Maxell J. wrote an entire volume  
called *On Being Blue*, which  
unaccountably ignores blue jeans but informs us that  
Confidence currency notes  
were known as blues. Now Theroux, master of a vocab-  
ulary whose hue and crux  
would put the *Blues* color  
catalog to shame, uses  
the spectrum from the inci-  
dental blue called wool to  
liposomes, the dermal cells  
that give salmonella due  
red spots. And all the pillows  
Theroux places as examples  
from art, literature, and  
the quotidian are more pow-  
erful than Verner's. Had  
Proust encountered the pale  
blue of airport fire equipment,  
intracelopine, pine thicket,  
highway dividing lines, or  
the floor, stained by rat  
urine, on which Magdalas's  
aeros salutes released during their  
voyage around the world, he  
would likely have been  
laughed out of town.

Somehow writers may  
be seduced by color, but  
I've never put write about it,  
perhaps in a desperate effor-  
t to escape the black and  
white of the printed page.  
Goethe's slightly wacky the-  
ory of colors discussed here  
by Teller (*Color* discussed  
by Teller) would likely have  
been killed outright.



Stroke of genius: The Verner that nearly killed Proust

# Color Man

## Rockies Two



**W**HEN tectonic dykes pushed forth the first knobs of the Rocky Mountains about 35 million years ago, the West was under water. Thirty-foot sea-birds and forty-foot flying reptiles roamed and basked in that Mesoic sea. The mountains leaned seaward; the fauna got weirder. Who would have thought that as a tick of the geological clock, the Rockies would become the place in every way since it all

While Manhattan reaches to the east and Hollywood quiesces away in the western night, the Great Divide offers an exalted peace. The views are beatific, the air

**P**rices at the Post Hotel range from \$165 per room to \$255 per suite. Call 800-661-1585. A week at the InnHouse starts at \$3,675 per couple for an in-judge room. R.S.V.P. for a room at 800-229-8704, 703-526-0000.

The Post Hotel is an odd mix of classic alpine design, with just enough postmodernism to keep it fresh. Built on the banks of the Pipestone River, it is a study in mountain colors—a pine-yellow wood exterior mixed with

banner green and fringed with an ironclad mass of red on roof. You enter through an arbor of vertical support beams into a small, wide-paned windowed lobby. A four-high, hand-carved owl watches from the fine wood-paneled banner; and steps away a few feet from the big river-rock fireplace. The 103 guest rooms and two log cabin suites are unusually handsome, with pine furniture, fireplaces, and windows tall at tarpauline sky and the white tufts of the Blackfoot.

far north eastern delimit Arctic char in blue cornered.

perfect morsle of British Columbia salmon with mangrove-sake, or Canadian venison with roseau pear and red currants. Thank God you come to lake meadow lakes, about bears, and women wolves, the park's last wild-life addition. Come December, you can ski an arroyo made easy by the Pott's regular shuttles to Lake Louise, and as it sits, who whisks your wet gear out of your hands the moment you step into the lobby. After a swim, soak, and steam in the poolhouse, afterwards its assault

**A**T THE THREE-thousand-end-of-a-rock-stake, the fifteen-handled-square House Ranch holds forth with equal fervor. Set on the rolling green slopes of the Elk River Valley and bearing up against a million acres of Forest National Forest, it does the landscape proud. Chrome-yellow asphalt lanes snake in the sun-kissed aspens, the mass of red-winged blackbirds rises over the trout pond, and a hundred quarter horses race fiercely across mountain meadows so exuberant you keep ex-

- JESSICA MAXWELL



物語集

## RESTAURANTS

John Mariani

## Manhattan Bites



**Saigon style:** The postimperial reverie of Le Colonial's dining room, and its glass-ceilinged red staircase

**N**ew York may have as chronic problems, but every restaurant isn't one of them. Open a restaurant anywhere in town these days, after a few hours, and *Charles Rose*, *Rose Mizrahi*, and a Baldwin will show up for lunch. By dint of mere size, all the city's restaurant critics will have eaten there twice, unless a workaholic chef will leave to open his own place, and within a month you'll either be opening a branch in East Hampton or be utterly passed. Meanwhile, here are the restaurants of the moment. Step on it.

**Le Défi** (143 East 56th Street, 112-252-1080)

**At Faena** (opp Park Avenue South, 777-7616). Doug Braden, a New York boy who earned his rep *la la* in *Cord Gables*, makes a good case for a new Latin American cuisine that's all full of flavor like horseradish, agave, and molasses. He offers crab and potato with lenses of pisco; guinea turns with co-

**Atmosphere** The atmosphere is what you'd expect from a restaurant that's been around since 1926. It's a bit dark and dingy, with wood-paneled walls and booths. The waitstaff are friendly and helpful.

#### **Red Burgundy— Chard**

**C**onsult a Manhattan wine list in search of a good, eh, inexpensive red burgundy this summer and—surprise!—you'll likely find a terrific bottle. Try the Chauzy Côte de Beaune Toulot-Beaum & Fils '96 (mid) at Le Colonial, for example, or the Mercurey Les Vignes Delamare '98 (mid) at Hudson Grill.



## OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Walter Shapiro

# Clinton's Rent-a-Statesman

With Lloyd Cutler, either you're part of the establishment or you're part of the problem

**I**T WAS AN ALL too typical White House gathering last spring: eight top advisers sprawled around the conference table in the Cabinet Room, wrestling with what to say about Whitewater. Suddenly, the President strafed into the meeting unannounced. You could almost see the collective thought balloons radiating from the heads of the suspicious presidential aides. No big deal, it's just Bill. But to the newcomer at the table—seventy-year-old Lloyd Cutler, the administration's own self-styled statesman—the moment had deeper symbolism. Within seconds, Cutler was on his feet, standing sternly straight, acting as if he were in the presence of a true leader, no P.D.Q., an L.B.J. He was bifurcated; the other sides in the room belonged to their feet to offer Clinton, a mixture of stiff-fashioned formal deference, "That's what Lloyd means to the press," and the Clinton side who recognized the story. "He moves you from the war room to a real Oval Office."

If you are president of the United States—such what may be by now a daily ego-booster, an endurance prize like Cutler around can only make you feel presidential—it's a bit like the rough-and-tumble Hollywood executives who employ English stereotypes with panache. For yourself, I'd suggest a pratfall at the corner. Staffy upstagey-man Washington society figures like Cutler, with their names on the doors of blue-chip corporate law firms (Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering), make me uneasy. Cutler, after all, represented the Big Three senators in the Senate and earned Ralph Nader's lifelong enmity. My suspicion may be a throwback to my own States persona, maybe it's an awareness of the fact that I disappointed my mother by not going to law school, or maybe it's just a refusal to admit that in my late fifties, I too, am far more likely to head for the soft than for the hardboiled. Still, I balk at the notion that this is a natural governing class and snort that among every third part of Washington that rises earlier at night when men like Lloyd Cutler have assumed their rightful place in the White House.

These recent efforts at class warfare aside, it is hard to fault Cutler's low-key performance since he took over as interim White House counsel: in March, "Lloyd brings with



**Cover me, Lloyd:** First Grady, now Cutler. Behind every gray minister stands a young president desperate for a credibility fix.

him a certain long-term view," explosive deputy counsel Joel Klein. "He's counsel to the President in the larger sense, he has a sense of what the term 'the presidency' means." How poignent, how Cuttengro, how diametrically politically effective, all that talk of a higher loyalty to the idea of "the presidency." Small wonder that Whitewater, at least momentarily, has become a placid pool. Clinton insiders also give Cutler high marks for keeping the response to the Paula Jones lawsuit far away from the White House, which wasn't easy with the President's seduction techniques on the line.

Since, there's growing about him gray-haired presence. There were endorsements like surrounding the Stephen Breyer nomination, with name in the White House fingered Cutler at the culprit. Cutler has a the-Cabinet-only-talk-to-the-Lodge-and-the-Lodge-only-talk-to-God reputation for dealing only with the Cabinet inner circle, most White House aides seem beneath his purview. "I've been at meetings with Cutler," said a ranking Clinton adviser, "where you could tell from his manner, here comes the older-senatorial waggon of wisdom. And then he says it, and it's nothing special."

**NORMALLY, CUTLER SPENDS EACH JULY IN Austria, attending opera at the Salzburg Festival. But this July—struck from weekend getaways to the Hamptons—he will be in his dark top-floor White House office, prepping for the congressional Whitewater hearings. This same office was his domain during the last, sad-eyed, hostage-bedecked sixteen months of the Carter administration, when he first became White House counsel in the staff shake-up in the wake of the "malaise" speech. I have my own Carter credentials (a brief**

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## GUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

entire alliance with David Geffen.) Cader also agreed to serve as counsel for precisely 100 business days (a figure that will carry him until early December), although he now concedes, "It might be two or three more weeks. If the hearings in progress are not over, I would stay if something like that again was going on. I would stay but the big plus is to step down during September."

The parallels to Geffen are obvious. Bill Clinton is in serious trouble, reaches out to a charter member of the Washington establishment. But there are also important differences between the two men beyond Geffen's Nixon/Ford-Reagan pedigree: "No one has the long-loved role for Cader the way they still do for Geffen," says a White House source. Whereas Geffen knows the McLaughlin Group, Cader's contacts can run more to Katherine Graham (wife of Polk Kraft's closest friend) and The Washington Post's Meg Greenfield. Geffen is the status political operative, who during the course of his career has become a permanent White House fixture, while Cader has mostly been on the periphery or in The New Republic; put it, "Washington's premier 'liberal' lawyer [whose] specialty has been to get large corporations out from under the burden of regulations proposed by other liberal lawyers." Passed over at the last moment for a sub-Cabinet job under Lyndon Johnson, Cader, before Clinton, had compiled a very small list of senior officials of government service, all in the Carter White House. While Geffen's career ambitions are curiously palpable, Cader knows all too well that his work for Clinton is his last breath. His last shot at the history books.

This explains why, in the eyes of some at the White House, there was a propensity in the way Cader threw himself into the selection of a Supreme Court nominee. As Cader himself said the day that Harry Blackmun announced his resignation, "You know, we didn't even have one such opportunity under Carter." By all accounts, Cader played a skillful role in narrowing down the shortlist for the Blackmun seat. But in the final week of the selection process—when Clinton dithered in all too characteristic fashion—Cader was surprised to be the source of several damaging leaks. He

was spotted sitting at a dinner party with Johnny Apple—the New York Times Washington bureau chief—just before the Times ran a story announcing that there was a "95 percent chance" that Clinton would go with Bruce Babbitt. Cader denies it, but some Clintonians speculate that he might have leaked Babbitt's selection to advise Geffen's case.

But more deadly was a Neustadt story that purposed to reconstruct the scene at the surprise White House meeting with the President just hours before Bayley was nominated. At the last minute, with the Bayley decision seemingly written on stone tablets, Clinton was depicted as suddenly purposefully for Senator Paul Sarbanes while a clearly exasperated Cader announced, "This just isn't working."

In the eyes of the Clinton team, this was the worst kind of leak. Cader's image was tarnished at the expense of the President. As one of the White House's more nervous leaders put it, with deep gratitude that he had nothing to do with the Supreme Court selection: "This one was a killer that don't want to wear that one on your sleeve." Cader fervently denies that he had anything to do with the Neustadt story. "I talk to Eliot Clift [the Neustadt reporter who wrote the Bayler article], he'll tell you that story did not come from me. It's also inaccurate. It didn't happen in front of the President and at this time, the President was not seriously considering Sarbanes."

Whatever the truth—and Cader's reputation for reticence makes his weighed against the ego needs of an older associate—he concedes that the air of suspicion was "a fact." Making matters worse were some of Clinton's on-the-record comments after Bayley's selection, such as the ringing endorsement of the Massachusetts judge as the finale "with the fewest problems."

Of course, against the backdrop of the new Bob Woodward book, *The Agenda*, the Bayler leak seems like Dan Tateskawski compared with John Wayne Gacy. In fact, during the weeks leading up to the unveiling of *The Agenda*, Clinton advances legends nervously revising their own interviews with Woodward, trying to determine who leaked which damning revelations. That is, you don't need a Deep Throat to

forget out that the Clinton White House is built around the chest theory that Hillary is destined where the President is futility, and that Clinton's cherished government agenda was sacrificed on the altar of deficit reduction. What is telling is assessing the failed hopes of Clinton's first eighteen months in office—and what brings us back to Cader himself—is the way that a president who very much sees himself as a northern populist with an Oxford education gradually becomes estranged in the political and financial establishment.

I was in Little Rock in December 1990 to watch Clinton name Benson and Christopher to his Cabinet, the new Franklin's manner and body language radiated the unavoidable message, "These are men that a real president would have in his Cabinet. These are the ones I'm supposed to appoint." Clinton gave away another piece of his presidency last summer when he was driven by desperation to recruit Geffen. Cader is the Georgia gauntlet revisited, another member of the inner circle whose power derives from the responsibility he gives Clinton.

On my way to the White House to chat with Cader, I discovered that the seemingly blank tape in my recorder was, in fact, a long lost 1989 interview with the governor of Arkansas. How easily familiar it was to hear Bill Clinton's downloaded voice talking passionately about "preschool programs for kids who need them" and "more money to run sophisticated pharmaceutical programs"—a small reminder of the tone of conversation that summer Clinton, a small token of the dreams that elude him during this second and summary of his presidency.

Other presidents—Johnson and Carter leap to mind—were tormented by status uncertainty and their need to prove to the East Coast intelligentsia that they weren't hopelessly wedded to manure on their boots. Clinton's personal demons remain more elusive: the life-long search for a father, the psychic need to be baited around by strong women, the crippling fear of failure. But each time he goes in to demonstrate whether to placate the bond market or to still the buying bounds of Wharrester—he banishes every vision of the presidency for the memory banks of adult approval.

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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

Stanley Bing

# Wake Me When It's Over

If showing up is 90 percent of the job, staying awake has got to be the other 10 percent

**H**ERE I AM, WALKING. On the treadmill. Big treadmill. Cost a lot. Now, after two years of using it as a track, I'm putting it to the use God intended, if indeed he intended anything. There is a Van Damme movie on the VCR in front of me, but I'm not watching it. I seem to be thinking instead. Trudge, trudge, trudge. Think think think.

Do you ever get so tired you want to break two legs just to sit? If your lungs are still capable of sucking in air, So bored that you periodically black out under the sheer weight of it? So bored that no matter what you do to keep your upper face from fusing to your chin, it does no good and you begin to seek under the wave of monotony and, most horribly, boredom at, knowing that you are about to fall asleep and be flung backward off the treadmill—or out of the conference room—like a mucus in a windshield?

Buddhistic control over that level of boredom is the challenge for today:

Schlep, schlep. Muli-mall.

Christ.

If I can conquer the soul on that moving platform of monotonous, I can beat a suspense. And anywhere, in exactly where to find it. Anyplace and everywhere. Every day. Problem's spreading, too. Starting to lose focus in a wide range of locations, big groups and small, large rooms and tiny at home and at the office, even by myself sometimes—drifting nearly into the silent at the slightest provocation.

I should be used to it, though. Tedious is quite common in business, where boring people and subjects often command just as much attention as interesting ones. The symptoms are more banal. The eyelids grow heavy, consciousness

a resting or sleeping color plus. As the ocular function fails, the mind begins to drift into amateur thoughts not unlike that which preoccupies other steps of successful meditation. Odd utterances like "Bull" or "Sleep!" may escape the normally kindred social or professional repertoire. Incongruous rubbing of the face may cross, in no sonorous effect.

Can't remember when it wasn't there, this tendency to drift in recessions in which the size of the potential torque is so monotonous, so garrulous, so soft and comfortable and dream a little dream of . . . of huge, plump legs in my mind's eye . . . somebody saying them

Shut! He! Hey!

Where, that was done. I always flipped off the back of the chair.

So, your things come from enormously boring events. Where would Tim and Werner be now if Steve Buscemi had been able to generate and sustain eight, ten, twelve-hour meetings that used the weight of the collective frustration to forge consensus? What would Devlin and ElT have been without Reuben and Gertzen's famous willingness to meet overnights, most both night and day, Sundays, holidays, no matter how many hours had been耗费ed over days on the subject at hand? And what's the one demand on any player who wishes to remain at such exciting and competitive tables? Why, to stay awake, damnit! Look, showing up is 90 percent of the job, I accept that but beyond that, I think you'll agree that staying awake is at least 80 or 90 of the remaining 10 percent. Then why can't I? You be. Having a rough time doing so now. Things more boring these days than ever before? No. Function of age? Breakdown of will? Decay of cerebellum? Not know. Not

matter. Must solve. Must gain visibility. Must . . .

I can groan! Kill me, God! Take me out the light, because I can't take it anymore!

Hey, man, get a grip. This is bad, I know that but it's not anything as terrible as last Tuesday's monthly operations review, when the air in the boardroom was superheated with the smell of stale coffee and C&A sweat, and our hands were sitting on our bottoms like lead pillows. Boy, you al-



DANIEL TORKE

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

most lost it there didn't you, lad. That should have been lethal.

Dangit, yes. Something there. Always has been a . . .

I'm a seventh-grade physics, at which I am not great. We have a slow, steady discussion of wave theory by Mr. Finch, a man both belligerent and world class nerd. About eight minutes in, I realize that unless I take remedial action immediately, I am actually going to fall into a state that the naked eye might easily mistake for sleep or death. Sweet. I think. Tin about so soon. The next ten minutes are among the most terrifying in my living life, as the first time in the grip of my powerful physical experience must be. In spite of my determination, and several pencil pens shaved in my palm, there are moments when I fall so suddenly. Thank God there was a show on the opaque projector then in progress, or I would most certainly have been beaten and hacked down to fit Finch's office.

Today, the subject matter is more banal than physics but also more interesting. What is the crisis getting worse? It used to strike only when I was in a large gathering in which no one needed to make a contribution blow.

I am at NASA in Florida, sometimes late, too. A high agency official is telling us all about how the space program implements its policy of Total Quality. The man has more than a dozen overhead acetates stacked with charts, graphs, and attractive photographs on a rock, stained background. When I raise my hand because of the tightness of the room, the hollowness of the subject matter, and the fact that I was not performing myself with Rafferty, and the gang, and the rooster was having the same stains for the second time. My idea has my chest. My nose begins to turn a bit, quickly. I believe my breathing grows phlegmy and irregular, like the honking and gurgling of one afflicted with asthma. My eyes close, too. I am told. I think, eventually, I must tip over at least once or twice before any gal Hellinger socks me in the back with two or three fingers. This session is one of the longest and most painful of my life and requires an enormous expenditure of psychic energy, which, I believe, has yet to be replenished. Adiaraw,

"What are you up to, Bing?" said Kite, one of our top-secret nobels, who was then prepping a nobel.

"Nothing," I offered.

Upon which we took a short break. And you know what? The moment the door to that room opened, I was myself again.

Is there a key here? Could my loss of consciousness actually be a form of . . .

self-expression? Could my virtually epileptic inability to remain alert simply be a means of declaring my stubborn resistance to all that is unnecessary, futile, and empty of value, so that when the offending sigma or epiphany is removed, I'm back to normal again?

No. I like that! It might even be true! Thus while agonizing syndrome is just one man's personal way of passing his flag in the sun, exercise tends to daily life, a flag that probably reads LIFE FREE OR DIE—MINTADAY!

Yes, that's going to be it. So . . . what if . . . what if I keep my resistance high, rather than let it bubble underground? What if I pour my energy down the drainfield of time at top speed, top power? Hey! I feel like racing already!

Up goes my foot four acids per hour. Huh! What's! Feeling good! Kite!

So that's what I'm going to do! I'm going to stay out of strenuous situations as much as possible! I'm going to keep my meetings small and short and personal! And the one I can't, I'm going to make meaningful. Build my strength and keep myself breathing well like Walking at Talking of Preparing a Strengthening it Making a sing and dance. Taking chances! Wearing the right kind of dress that makes people stop and say Wow! Eating at the right places each day, every day, with the folks I work to be with and nobody else! Having food fights to keep ourselves interested when the talk gets dull around the food fight in the south hour of the company issue meeting, which reminds me, I have to get the chairman's thoughts in order for the upcoming review with Human Resources about the strategic direction of the corporation in regard to the issue of domination, that kind of thing can't be treated with benign neglect, you've got to keep it running, running. See Charles Barkley in those high-top Nikes I wear in the window at Athlete's Foot right next to the mall that were up not long ago at the intersection of Route 202 alongside that big, angry meadow full of vice-president cheering on newly cut grass and musicman watchin' in May and snow.

What is the sound of one man flying backward off a two-thousand-pound truck?

How close is the wolf?

# NORMAN MAILER ON MADONNA LIKE A LADY

**The counterattack:** Just when the world has turned against her, our author makes a forceful case for the woman about whom we know everything and nothing at all.

**C**ONCEIVE OF A HISPANIC NOVELIST with exceptional powers whose name is Jesus Ramirez. He has the conviction, given in part by his first name, that he is here on earth to make a great change in the way people perceive themselves, and so he signs his books with his first name only: *Prisoner of Grace*, by Jesus; *Vertigo*, by Jesus; *Shadow of War*—Jesus. He is renowned around the world. He lives with his own name, Jesus.

What goes on in Madonna Ciccone's head every time she happens to think of the single name she now carries—the immutable Madonna? She is either among us for extraordinary reasons or is a pint-size Latina American with a heart she hopes is built out of the east-iron balls of the pretense in generations before her. She knows that she doesn't know the answer. Who could? There is nothing comparable to living with a phenomenon when the phenomenon is you and you observe yourself with a cool intelligence, your own, nad yet are trapped in the emotional pit of the narcissist—you not only are more interested in yourself than in anyone else alive, but suffer from the fuddy suspicion that this may be justified. You could be more interesting than anyone you've encountered.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE MAYER

AUGUST 1994 • ESQUIRE 41



## **On the hidden life of Madonna:** Her views and her philosophy are in deeds, not words. Her words give but an indication of where the dark stuff is stored.

"Well, we can try to get into one or two small corners of Madonna's mind, although the secret may be not to try too hard. It is going to be no easy exploration. Her views and her philosophy are in deeds, not words. Her words give but an indication of where the dark stuff is stored."

Probably it is most comfortable to start our rap in company with David Letterman. He offers the most comfortable seat on his program, *Last Show with David Letterman*, on March 31, and the results prostated a one-day *Kriskrashin* in the media. Madonna, once again, was being called sick, weird, depressed, unbalanced, out of control, offensive, outrageous, and myriad. So wrote all the boozers, coke-heads and solid suburbanites who do the TV columns, and their language frothed with enough effervescence to bring in the news services and even the responsible daily press. Madonna, having said such hurtful things on the show, also had, with the aid of CBS's precise workmanship, been blazed every time, and that was enough to light up the media machine gun. Charged proprietary Defense of honest and flag! The first impression of a news story, after all, is to enclose everything that gets in the way of a dramatic judgment. Madonna was a slut.

Actually, she and Letterman had been perfect pals for each other. If Madonna shows a predominant vice, it is that she always stands for something. It is usually rich enough, or by her adherents' gauging, gaudy enough, to be on the very edge of the public's digestive powers. Letterman, on the other hand, stands for nothing at all. It is his number one asset in our postive time. During periods of lassitude and confusion, it is reassuring to listen to someone who is absolutely at home in the idle sounds of drift. At 11:30, when his audience is ready for a mild pleasure before bed, Letterman serves in their Ovalkine—a little flavor, a lot of pleasure—and the implicit promise that nothing serious is going to take place. He will not even be too funny. That could set the blood and inspire thoughts of going out for a drink. Johnny Carson, even at his own muted embodiment of Whigpooch, used, at least, to give audience his sharp sense—whether you agreed with him or not—of what constituted proper social deportment. Letterman, on average nights, would not be caught dead offering one indication of how to conduct your life. Keep a smile on your face and we'll all get along. To be meaningful is a meaningless task in the Buddha of the befuddled.

Well, you don't attack Buddha for too little—as Madonna discovered. It is worth extracting a few comments from their evening.

Madonna came out dressed in black, her hair dark, her manner domineer—but for her corset blouse, she looked like a soubrette stepping out for a charity dinner. Unfortunately, Letterman, at the conclusion of his introduction, did remark that Madonna had "slept with some of the biggest names in the entertainment industry," in which his handclap or clapped at real or simulated horns, "Shut your game!"

"Just relax," said David. "Everything's fine. We're just trying to have fun."

All the same, no viewer in the history of late-night television has ever received a comparable greeting. Soon

enough, Madonna said, "Why are you so obsessed with my sex life?"

"Well," and David, "I have none of my own," to which Madonna would shortly add, "David, you are a sick fuck."

The audience laughter was long. They had heard a The rest of America would be blazed, but they had waited too long to get tickled and they had heard Madonna say fuck. "You know this is being broadcast?" David asked. "Well," he added, "you can't go on talking like that."

Madonna removed him of a pair of her panties that were presumably in his desk drawer. "Aren't you going to undress?" she asked. He said to the audience: "I'll tell you what—we're going to do a commercial and we're going to wash her mouth out with soap."

DAVID. And he's going to smell my underwear.  
MADONNA. And we'll be right back.

They broke for the commercial. When they came on again, Madonna was making a huge rig.

MADONNA. You know, you've really changed since the last time I was on the show... Life's made you soft.

DAVID. You think so? In what sense?

MADONNA. Because you look us everybody on your show... I see you lossing up to us. We, all these movie stars come on here—you used to give people a hard time.

DAVID. I can understand that behavior tonight, if you like.

Heavy-clapping followed. It inspired Letterman.

DAVID. You can't—you can't be coming on here—this is American television, you can't talk like that.

MADONNA. Why?

DAVID. Because people don't want that in their own homes at 11:30 at night.

Now there was big applause in support of his sentiment. Away with pitch it up to me!

MADONNA. Wait a minute, wait a minute—people don't want to hear the word fuck!

DAVID. Oh, stop it! Will you stop? Ladies and gentle men, turn down your volume! Turn it down immediately! She can't be stopped! There's something wrong with her.

MADONNA. There's definitely something wrong with me—I'm sitting here!

DAVID. I think you're a decent, nice person, and I'm happy you could come by tonight and grace us all our.

MADONNA. Did you know it's good if you put in the shower?

DAVID. [In the audience] I'm sorry.

MADONNA. Don't fuck with me—peeing in the shower is really good, it tightens adam's face. [Distant audience laughs.] I'm serious. Urine is like an antiseptic. It has to do with the enzymes in your body.

DAVID. Don't you know a good pharmacist? Get your self some Deodorant.

The air went out of the boat. Right then Buddha had just blown his cool. He might have spent his working hours drizzling on the brains of Americans, but he could not bear a little drifting over his toes. His voice was so persistent that it all became clear: David worked for the corporation. David believed that ours cause is brother



**On Madonna's body language:** When she saw the stricken look with which he gazed upon her breast, she covered the gap in her gown with a dainty hand.

If he was overcome to all that was meaningful, it was because he had no poetry. He did not believe in a god who would be wary enough to put the care for athlete's feet into the painter's urns.

**S**O BEGINS our modern story. Norman Mailer had been sufficiently taken with the manner in which Madonna disposed of David Letterman to mention it to his *Smith Friends* of twenty years' standing; they were happy to talk on each other at parties, and only occasionally was it necessary that an indignant murmur would drift into one of her columns.

On this occasion, however, he could not pretend that he was unhappy in being gainsaid. Suck it up, Letterman, by all means! What he did not expect were the circumstances. His agent was asked the next day whether Mailer would write a substantial piece on Madonna for *Esquire*. That gave him pause (for twenty-four hours) while Andrew Wyke, agent, and Ed Koster, editor, came to terms. Nor could he pretend that he was overjoyed at the assignment. Madonna, on the face of it, had become an ego even larger than his own.

Still, Mailer liked the women who won the Letterman show. What the news stories had failed to convey was how ladylike she had been all the while that she was setting network records at the number of these Outstanding Guest was being blessed per minute. It is not easy to keep smiling, just with style, in millions of Americans you cannot see.

Moreover, Mailer had a bit of prior interest. During the period after Warren Beatty's liaison with Madonna, the author had spent four days interviewing the actor. Beatty, a Virginian gentleman whom you scratched him, maintained a regular rule not to speak intimately to women about any of the women in his life. Norman Mailer, having his own hunchy opinion of himself, did not care to ask such questions. Still, it was evident that of Warren had been stripped to talk about any of his women with so much grace an audience as his four-day guest, it would have been Madonna. Given all Beatty knew about women, it was nevertheless obvious that he saw Madonna as a phenomenon—and that he had had a relationship with her that was unlike relationships with other heterogeneous ladies.

So, at the least, Mailer had that much incentive. Moreover, Beatty had agreed to an offer no decent man refuses: Mailer was a great believer in taking on jobs that simultaneously satisfied both your best and worst motives, a challenging assignation on fields of green was always an inducement to operating that vault where the bullion of extra energy is stored. Since Madonna would obviously be writing to such a principle—had she done anything in her life that did not engage her best and worst sides at once?—they would have for commencement that much in common.

A few days later, he was astid most politely by the magazine whether he would consider being photographed in black or with Madonna while she was in evening gown. It was the kind of request usually took pleasure in rejecting. He had already photographed many a maga-

nizes and had kept it with personal memento ever since Anne Leibovitz had exposed him for *Selling Stone* in 1975 wearing bulging trunks, his belly protruding, his hips in the water, his face hidden behind a giant face mask, belly and face made considerably swollen by the use of a bib-type latex—one gaggle of asshole far all the world to see. Ever since, he had avoided photographers' impudent. (Like a horse at the glomps of a snake did he rear at the sight of a single male kiss.)

On this occasion, however, he accepted. He would be going to a black-tie party that night, and the photographic session could be scheduled to take place an hour earlier. Photographer: Wayne Maser; place: a loft in SoHo. It might be more interesting to meet Madonna in such manner than to drop in at her apartment with a tape recorder.

Let us note, however, preferred that he saw it in a wholly happy solitude to the magazine's need to have a picture of the principals taken together. Mailer was now seventy-one years old and, in consequence of the shrinkage that went a senior citizen, was not quite five feet seven inches tall. He weighed two hundred pounds. Since he pumped modest amounts of iron from time to time, he looked (at his best) like a horse. How can a horse find pleasure in having itself commemorated in a dinner jacket, even a good dinner jacket? He would look like a horse wrapped in velvet.

The shoot, of course, turned all too quickly into a preposed scenario. Which is to say that Wayne Maser had his own ideas or instructions on when to go with it. Mailer had barely had time to say hello to Madonna, who was wearing a prim evening dress and a black shawlfold as she stood in front of a white canvas drop, before the shawlfold was off and the photographer had stepped forward long enough to pull down the left strap of her gown, so exposing her breast, doing it, mind you, with about as much ceremony as a furniture mover flips a throw cloth off an armchair. Now we had partly Norman Mailer standing next to dominant Madonna in a gown gown, one breast showing, a small nose ring in her left nostril. When she saw the stricken look with which he gazed upon her breast, she covered the gap in her gown with a dainty hand.

He had been stricken for the noblest reason: Mailer, like many an agonist before him, maintained a secret grandeur as a close—the nice part of himself, so to speak. This Fabian duty was puffed with outrage by the aspersion on Madonna. It was not that her breast had been exposed—Mailer, along with much of America, had seen her bare breasts looking splendid more than a hundred times in film, video, magazine and books. It was just that that was not the time for Madonna to be seen. If a man wished to present his naked genitalia to the public, he would choose an occasion when his erection was public. Much the same can be said of the female breast. It is full of moods. A breast can be proud at the glow of a rising heat, or it can droop, puffed and sul. Madonna, by that parvus, was obviously displeased, or so said her pale breast, and our saint Liberdad was enraged that he should be insisting at such a dam revelation. They had been photographing her for hours before he arrived, and, of course, she was tired; of course her breasts would be the



first part of her go-expense such physical discomfort, even as any good fellow's press would shrug when low in spirit. Still, how could her break down so at the sight of him?

Nometheless they were able to chat. She was easy to talk to. He looked, Madonna inferred. Moller, like her former father-in-law and after a moment, the conclusion was clear: she was referring to Sean Penn's father. "Well," he said, "that's not surprising"—and went on to explain that on meeting Sean Penn two years ago, he had been struck with the senior's resemblance to himself in his youth, except, of course, that Sean Penn was better looking. A reasonable exchange. Their only difficulty was that they wished to talk, not to take pictures, and Wayne Moller had his job and pretended to pose them. Picnic soon, he had Madonna sitting on Norman Mailer's lap. The evening swap sat up in place over her shoulder again, and her waist curiously like agreeable, but a shoulder swap that could go up could as easily come down again, and Moller knew this. Equally, with all its new outfit of editorial intent, could hardly keep from grating such a parasite. His Norman Mailer, would be famous for much too little. There would be Madonna—small, fine-boned, spinned to his more lated years. She would hardly care whom she was photographed with at how the old fellow would look Once more body in an assembly line of photographed bodies.

Moreover, Moller was hardly comfortable at the thought of his own woman. He had a mate who was all too proficient at bringing up old scores for the three weekly beatitudes. So he certainly didn't want a photograph of himself sitting in a close embrace to his black dinner jacket, while Madonna in a green gown was perched on his lap, one breast exposed.

It is interesting to note that ten years ago, Moller would have had to himself, "Down the corridors, full speed ahead—Madonna on my lap?" What we are witnessing is the sexual of female adult upon male flesh, otherwise known as the carnivore effect of being partly-wrapped over the course of twenty years of marriage by a strong bisexual, maledicted wife.

So Moller interrupted the proceedings. If he was going to be photographed, he told everyone, it would be safe by side standing up, head shorn only. What a dim prospect for the photographer's craft! Moller kept trying to remember a name. Finally, Moller said to him: "I respect your intelligence. Can't you respect mine?"

Wayne Moller grew up. He could remember a battle-scarred version of the photographic world, and so a half-dozen more renovated shutter clicks ended the session. Madonna and Moller agreed to meet a couple of times over the next few days for intensive interviews.

**E**WAS DEPRESSED BY the place in which she lived. It was a duplex on Central Park West in a classic apartment house of the Wan Soms. The ceilings were high, and the rooms were gleaming by afternoon. Central Park West: specks of upper-middle-class lives, the decoupage of pastured responses, slow, sweetened proficiencies, and solid family life with few excuses of loss. The sunbeams in each building are as disheveled as their residents. Across also live on Central Park West, but architecture is more powerful than personality and all the ways of stage and screen whom Moller had ever visited on Central Park West seemed to have accustomed to the gloom.

Madonna, if anything, had exaggerated it. The upstairs living room, or which they met for interviews, had white walls, a darkwood carpet, and two massive, dark stuffed chairs without arms.

For two of the four walls, there was only a Picasso on Dora Maar and a Liger, a third wall had windows on the park, and to the rear, a full bay of narrow, chromatic glass, and black trees—impossibly cold moon.

One might find it exasperating in the best hotel suites of the most dictatorial countries in South America: black, brown, and white are hues to emphasize the power also has its color scheme. Moller could not help but think that Madonna would have been happy in a room like this.

Of course, he did catch a glimpse down a long hall of other rooms with hints of pink and rose, but not the upstairs living room? How it all contrasted with the fast, rich colors of her music videos!

Mailer had been grieved by Madonna's assessment. Curious, pronounced Censor, a small, gaunt girl who escorted him up the spiral staircase, offered him a drink, and left before resuming later. Madonna joined him. Not five minutes after, as if unforecasted premonitions might waste good dialogue, he was invited to ram on his tape, and hours of questions and answers commenced.

If her apertures belied to a dictatorial spirit her candor in the interview, the proof was agreement. Never had he met a celebrity who could speak so openly about himself.

He was not altogether surprised. What one is talented enough to become a phenomenon, that sensation that the psyche is divided into two halves (with all of us are more or less familiar) becomes so pronounced that one loves it as a condition of existence. One is world famous, but one is still (and in only slightly decreasing degree) a little girl from a lower-middle class dale in Denver. That little girl is there with every breath. She is the person whose people have to meet in order to encompass Madonna. It is as if she is necessary to herself.

MAADONA: What I'm strange performing, or even when I was on the David Letterman show, I dress from myself? I have no control over this person. Though I know it's connected to my psyche and my soul, there's really nothing I can do about it.

MAILER: Well, the artist is a separate person from the one who does all the daily things. That tells the other, "I will permit you, under these terms and conditions..." And the other side says, "Let me do my thing, and I won't bother you more of the time."

MAADONA: Exactly. That's interesting.

MAILER: At one get-together, the halves come together.

MAADONA: Really? I'm looking forward to going to gether with myself.

Even before Moller came with his tape recorder, he had arrived at some sense of how to do his story. It would not be necessary to interview his family, her friends, or those who worked for her. They would understand her less well than she could comprehend herself. Besides, they were all on record. As part of the effort, Madonna was always seeking to explore into the profound enigma of herself—how in deed had this girl from an ordinary state emerged as a supernova of celebrity?—of course the world would hazard. So had Picasso. Someone is a bore to the mind about his private life; he nevertheless dated every drawing he made, if

**MADONNA** on being washed up: "People go around making these pronouncements. 'Oh, her career's over, she's finished.' It just sounds like so much wishful thinking."

he did twenty drawings in a day, their sequence was more banal. It was a scientist's winter as far as Picasso was concerned. By his own admission, he was a prodigious talent and so should be available for close study by the art critics and scientists of the future—naturi might be expressing himself through him.

Somewhat, Madonna was dedicated to examining herself. You could obtain insights from Madonna on every side. Toward the end of *Trick or Treat*, the documentary film that had taken the tour with Blondie Ambition, a concert safari through America, Canada, and Europe, one is offered a choice of voiceovers from his dancers and crew:

WOMAN: Sometimes I feel like she really trusts me, and sometimes I think she's not looking at me.

MAN: I don't think that anybody is really honest with her except for maybe me.

WOMAN: She has a lot to do. She's definitely in a race against time.

MALE DANCER: She can be very mean when she wants to—I mean, we all can.

ANOTHER MALE DANCER: I love it when she's mean.

ANOTHER MAN: I feel she's a little girl lost in a room ...

The question remains to: To interview a number of persons is to view the protagonist through the degree one penetrates around the outside circle.

Something of the name can be said concerning Madonna's family. We will learn more about the dyo by observing a few of her relations to her father, which the conversely penurious in the same documentary.

The camera shows her on a long-distance call from her hotel room to Toronto.

FATHER [interrupted] Well.

MAADONA: Well, I'd love if you'd come to both shows, I don't know—I mean, it's pretty easy in some sectors, I don't know if you could take a few nights in a row.

FATHER: You're getting ready?

MAADONA: Dad, I'm not getting ready—I've been ready.

FATHER: You can't hold it down a little?

MAADONA: No! We'll see you! Because that would be compromising our artistic integrity.

FATHER: Of course. [laugh] Do you understand this performance?

MAADONA: Now, [Dinner and bath.] Of course I don't.

FATHER: Well, whatever you guys can get ready for.

MAADONA: Dad, I can get you tickets for any night you want.

Madonna is emerging in Detroit. There is an ocean of applause as she comes out to speak after the show.

MAADONA: I had a烂night and I'll say it again. There's no place like home! [cheer, applause] And there's nobody like this town—there's nobody like my father! [Applause as her father is called onstage and comes forward to take her hand. Chorus from the crowd over the first part of her new songwise.] And I worship the ground that he walks on. [She bows down and makes a salute, hell in mockery, he is again and again to her to get up quickly.] And that is his birthday and I thought

maybe thirty thousand people could wish him a happy birthday. [Owned gear sold and to devotees out of her now sonwise.] And I was wondering if you could sing it with me. [She sang "Happy Birthday" and the crowd sang it.]

Madonna is in her dressing room—her father comes in for another.

STEPFATHER: Never thought I'd see you lined at her feet.

MAADONA: Never thought I would either.

FATHER: I was honored. A little taken aback, but honored.

MAADONA: Well, I thought I had to walk up for the fact that I didn't go shopping for a birthday present. [Father laughs.] Where's the sets beautiful? Aren't my dresses great?

FATHER: It was all great. A couple of little scenes there were a little—

MAADONA: X-rated?

FATHER: We could do without them—burlesque—

MAADONA [laughs]: Didn't you do it, understood, they all lied somewhere?

FATHER: It's true.

MAADONA: It's got nothing to do with me. It's the journey you take. You can't get to one place without going through another place. Like growing up.

She was not yet years old when her mother died and the void did not depart at the years were by for her mother had died of cancer.

In a short note with Sandra Bernhard.

MAADONA: I had those dreams after my mother died, for a few-year period, that's all I dreamt about, that people were jumping on me and strangling me, and I was constantly screaming for my father, but no sound would come out.

SANDRA: What happened when you woke up?

MAADONA: I'd just be sweating and afraid and I'd have to go sleep with my father.

SANDRA: Was that before he got repossessed? [Madison makes a yes.] And how was it when you slept with him?

MAADONA: Fine. I went right to sleep after he fucked me. [Laughs bigges] No, just fucking. Dad?

MAADONA: I never thought of my stepfather as my mother just as a woman who raised me, a dominant female figure in my life. I went through adolescence kind of agreeing—he did more children with girlfriends. I always consider myself an absolutely motherless child, and I'm sure that has something to do with my openness.

MAADONA: You must have been a tough kid.

MAADONA: Well, I wasn't actually the troublemaker in my family. I had a younger sister who was a real tomboy, and my two older brothers were always going into fights. I went the other way.

MAADONA: You had the bright kids?

MAADONA: I was obsessed with getting straight A's. I was obsessed with impressing my father and manipulating my father, but in a very feminine way.

MADONNA And he adored you.

MARILYNN Well, I like to think that.

MADONNA Were you singing at an early age?

MADONNA No. Oh no.

MARILYNN So you had nothing to give you a sense you were going to be a singer.

MADONNA Absolutely not. Had no particular sense I was going to be anything. When I was in high school, I wanted to be a professional dancer. That was my dream. To get into Alvin Ailey's company.

MARILYNN You did.

MADONNA The power company, not the man company. I got a scholarship to the school there, and dance had to sing and sing, but I did not grow up wanting to be a singer or thinking of myself that way. Some one caught me, I have play a guitar, and I started writing music like I was possessed. Whining songs. It was the strongest thing. I didn't know I was going to be a singer until I was twenty-four.

He could have dwelt a little longer on her development, but it interested him less than her state of mind today. He was honored by the natural confidence of her speaking voice; for it contrasted with the outside depression he had encountered on their first meeting, a depression he felt that was still present today, although he had no firm sense that it was anything more than a reaction to how she had been treated over Lauren.

MADONNA The funny thing is, David Letterman's been asking me to do the show—forever. I kept saying, "I don't have anything to promote, what's the point?" And he said, "Just come on the show and we'll have a good time, just be silly and have fun." And I said, "Oh, what the hell," just the kind of mood I was in. Before I went on the show, all his writers were coming in my dressing room, giving me tons of stuff they wanted me to say, and it was all insulating. Big on that make fair of his hair and this and that. They gave me a lot of insults, basically. So in my mind I knew that that's what the game plan was: that we were going to look out each other on TV. I told some of the writers I was going to censor, and they went, "Oh, great idea, we'll sleep it off and it'll be hysterical." I had the best time, and I sensed he thought he was having a good time, too. But he's sort of like a yuppie version of heaven and that hell, you know. "Oooosssss gross." I don't think he knew what he was getting into, but once he realized how the show were the next step, instead of just saying "We had a good time, it was all good fun and completely consensual," maybe the networks freaked out and he didn't want to fall from grace with them, so he went with the generic of the media and said, "Yeah, it was really disgusting and, yes, she really behaved badly," and turned it into something to save face.

MARILYNN And how do you feel about that?

MADONNA I don't think there's anything someone could say that would hurt me or shock me. Everyone already thinks I'm insane.

MARILYNN Well, my idea for this interview is to prove that if you have a nut, it's that you're so loveless.

MADONNA Oh, ok, dear.

MARILYNN At least the half of yourself that you bring to this interview.

MADONNA Well, I suppose I am. I'm extremely sort of agitated and anal in my thinking.

any other way—but it's really important to me—don't ask me why—she people look at him a different way, seeing that women on sexism and women can have sexual interests. I imagine Hugh Hefner with two Playboy bunnies. I was having an inverted fantasy of that in my show... just another way of getting people to look at it.

MALEK: What I would argue back is that women have become so obsessed with the idea of not being inferior for gender that I think they are in danger of losing sight of their real power over men, which they have always had, an extraordinary power women have over men. What it comes down to is men know no matter what they've done to women, no matter how they treat them, no matter how they've systematically menaced them, men know that they are indispensable to human existence. If women ever take over everything, as they well may now, you're trying to keep from growing at the thought.

MADONNA: [laughs] I think it's inevitable, too. Every dog has his day, you know?

MALEK: But if they do take over, and you get the equivalent of Stalin or Hitler taking the women (and having had some contact with a few of the early women's liberators), I can easily conceive of such a female... I will see a day when a hundred male slaves will be kept alive and worked every day and the staff will be put in严刑拷打 beds to keep the race going. No more than a hundred men will have to be maintained alive at any one time. Men have a very deep fear of women as a result. It isn't that men think, "Oh, there's a bitch, I'll lay my head on it, I'll eat me nothing." Rather, when they know is that in that tender breast, there are still issues of feeling, sex issues, zones of dimension, and if they have any sense at all of women, they know that approaching a woman is quite equal to climbing a rock face.

MADONNA: Yes, but it's an evolved man.

MALEK: Not everyone thinks the same way I think, but men feel it instinctively. I'd argue. You're talking for all women, after all.

MADONNA: No, I'm not talking for all women. I've been accused for years and years, especially at the beginning of my career, of setting the women's movement back because I was being sexist in a traditional way, with my career and push-up bras and pantyhose and shit and that, and feminists were beating the feds out of me. "What are you doing? You're sending out all the wrong messages to young girls. They should be using their brains, not their tits and their asses!" My whole thing is you use all you have, all your assets, your femininity—any intuitions you have inside of you, your intuition—use whatever you have and use bits and pieces whatever it's good. I'm not saying you have to break down every last thing.

MALEK: Very well. And in the name of what?

MADONNA: In the name of what?

MALEK: Well, you're a revolutionary. What will this revolution be in the name of?

MADONNA: In the name of human beings relating to human beings. And treating each other with compassion.

MALEK: And for that, you feel that the stereotyped male notions of how to treat women have to be broken down.

MADONNA: Yes.

MALEK: Destroy!

MADONNA: Bo!

MALEK: What about female attitudes about men?

MADONNA: That's...

MALEK: But the female movement offers almost no compromise with men.

MADONNA: Well, that's a problem, but you've got to start somewhere.

MALEK: I don't agree with what you're doing from your point of view but I am saying you could come to a dead end. The women could win and lose nothing.

MADONNA: I hope that doesn't happen. Once you reach a certain amount of understanding, knowledge doesn't end. There's more to learn about everything.

MALEK: Don't you feel a certain danger in the women's movement? That the real desire is not for greater compassion and understanding of both sexes but for power over men?

MADONNA: I don't know about the women's movement—it's not my goal, it's not my intention. This is not about me being a woman but about me being a human being.

MALEK: So you mean people come to realize men...

MADONNA: It's to wake women up, too—there's a lot of women oppressing other women, it's not just men.

OF course, she had not really answered him. He just gave up on the pointed cones. He saw them as no better than tiny gourds, a bad and/or two from the primal trauma of her mother's death. He could be ignorant, even as he had been, that with her, one had to keep mining the art.

MALEK: As you know, I'm not at ease with your book, Sex.

MADONNA: I didn't know.

MALEK: Told you the other day that I thought the metal cones were tacky, and the apend banding kept jangling when you tried to open and close the thing.

MADONNA: You're talking about the way it was packaged. I'm saying Look beyond, said the icon. You're talking to you don't like the book because it has metal cones.

MALEK: No, I wanted to tell you.

MADONNA: And I rudely interrupted you.... Go on with your book, I'm curious.

MALEK: Well, let me begin with smaller things and work toward larger ones. I thought your sex, while it was funny, was either too much or not enough. There could have been more, and that would have balanced the photograph. Or there should have been less, but the way it was, carried out with such care. Besides, the book was a misery to hold.

MADONNA: That's part of it. It was meant to be a piece of pop art.

MALEK: Yes, but I have the idea—concerned me if I'm wrong—that the idea of metal cones did not come from you.

MADONNA: It absolutely came from me. What we originally wanted was something completely encased in metal with a lock you couldn't get into.

MALEK: Now, that's an idea.

MADONNA: We couldn't manufacture it because it was too costly. The best thing we could come up with as a compromise was that.

MALEK: Well, there you go. Once you have to compromise an idea, maybe it's better to do without it. I thought if you were going to say as you did in Sex, "I'm not interested in porno movies because everybody is ugly and looking at it and it's pre-obj," and yet you were going to attempt to shock people, then you should have had a heavier shot of yourself. Given the number of male and female pictures of you in *Visible*, I thought that was an evasion, as if your advisers were saying, "Never shoot could hurt us commercially."

**Madonna on unsafe sex:** "I'm not going to sit here and say that from the time I found out about AIDS, I've always had intercourse with a man with a condom on."

commercially. What we want is soft porn." So, the fact that Sex was designedly commercial got a lot of people's backs up. They felt you were protecting yourself without large enough commitment. This set up a chasm of the reader.

MADONNA: Then why did everyone buy it?

MALEK: That's not the measure. People bought it because of everything you'd done up to then. You were saying, "You've seen me in my music videos, you've seen me suggesting aspects of nudity, now you're really going to see something." But if Richard Avioli had ever been able to take a page of Ronald Reagan's Cabinet while they were all in motion, and put it in book form, that would have sold out, too.

MADONNA: [laughs] I like your point.

MALEK: So I think the sales are irrelevant. But the way you put it is in the way you're running into now.

MADONNA: Right.

He had been interrupted six times, and this was the first occasion on which he had won an argument with an intelligent lady. It was enough to encapsulate becoming a Madonna fan.

MALEK: In Sex, you say, "Condoms are not only necessary for chastity." I really want to talk about that. The only thing you can depend on with condoms is that they will fail to go so percent off your fuck. Safe sex is part of the strategy of this country. We are always looking for one sensible tool or program with which to solve a sexual problem.

MADONNA: A condom. Ed. "Do don't think they're useful."

MALEK: They're terrible.

MADONNA: I'll agree with you, they feel terrible, but you don't think their usefulness is valid in terms of preventing sexually transmitted diseases?

MALEK: Well, they keep some people from getting AIDS? But that's the short hand. In the long term, sex is difficult enough for most people. Now, with the shadow of AIDS hanging over homosexuals, it's horrendous.

MADONNA: The shadow of AIDS isn't hanging just over homosexuals. It's hanging over all of us. There are a lot of bisexual people in the world who don't care to play safe. So it's hard to say, "I'll never sleep with anyone who's gay." You just never know.

MALEK: What the condom does is make you give up most of the joy of intimacy. The straight guy gets into the other person unattached. Maybe it would be better to give up instead the idea of penetration, and do all the things you can do without it. Then, if you really love that person, you might say, "Fuck it, I'll take a chance." If I do, I die. I'll die for love."

MADONNA: If you love that person...

MALEK: But what condoms are saying is, "Never die for love or anything remotely resembling it." Probably the single hardest thing emotionally is to distinguish between love that has enough personal warmth to feel like love, and love itself. The two are very close, yet different for one's karma. So it helps if you don't use a condom, because then at least you can say to yourself, "I has as much for that person that I'll die death," or, "I love this person enough to die."

MADONNA: Yes, but as you said, most people have a hard time distinguishing between the two. So how do you know if the man you're loving for death or living?

MALEK: You don't know. When you do know is the intensity of your feelings. Once your heart is pretty well satisfied, then you will know whether it's love—or anger or power or all the things that go into love. But at least you know more about yourself. What I hate about condoms is that you end up knowing less. And that aggravates one's need for power a little bit. These cigarettes that have filters on them and contain less nicotine, and so people draw more deeply and take in the same amount of nicotine. People with condoms have more sexual contact because they're less satisfying.

MADONNA: Well, to a certain extent, I subscribe to what you're saying. Where you get to know somebody and you get to love them, you do say, "I'm willing to take a chance for this." I've been there. I'm not going to sit here and say that from the time I found out about AIDS, I've always had intercourse with a man with a condom on. That would be a lie. And I do think you get to a point with a person that you say,

"I love this person or care for them enough that I don't care a fuck what happens to me. I'm going to take a chance."

MALEK: And you say that's happened to you.

MADONNA: Yes. Absolutely.

MALEK: And there might have been a chance of AIDS?

MADONNA: I didn't even question that. I just said, "I instinctively know that this is the right thing to do." But I would never do that in the beginning, not knowing somebody. And, yes, it is harder to know somebody when—in the physical sense, with a condom on—it's a nightmare. But I guess there are other things you can do—you can wear stockings and sleep with them for a month with condoms on, and it's not great sex as far as intimacy is concerned, but then you go and get AIDS come together. That's happened to me, too. "Our users are both negative, so let's do it without a condom." Now, we could find out in ten years we're both sick and a child's come out in the test, so I guess that's the choice you take.

MALEK: Well, condoms are one element in a vast, unconscious conspiracy to make everyone part of the social machine. Then we lose whatever kind power space we've been in.

MADONNA: Oh, the flip side, couldn't you say? If it makes everybody stop and question who they're sleeping with, then that's a good thing, too! You don't just blindly and naively go ahead. Maybe it's a way of getting people to think how much they care about that person they're sleeping with. You know what I mean?

Later, it occurred to her that she had moved in one short discussion from what was virtually a public-service announcement about condoms to a sex willingness to explore the subject. That was cheating—her mind might be even better than she thought it was.

MALEK: You see, I think sex has always been dangerous. In the Middle Ages, before modern medicine or contraception, a woman had to lose a man, or feel huge loss, in order to have intercourse with him, because if she got pregnant, she could die very easy to the—something like one in ten women died in childbirth. That means your lover could be your executioner. Maybe that's the way it was meant to be God's message. Take sex seriously. Don't believe it's there to be violated.

**Madonna on her erotic nature:** "I don't know. There are times I really feel bisexual. I just think it's important to fuck what you want to fuck and not feel shame about it."

MADONNA: I've never thought of it that way.

MATLER: Well, in your work, you do things with sex and have fun with it, but you never mock the seriousness of it. What you're saying to your audience is, "Look, you're nervous because I'm taking more chances than you are. That's why you hate me."

In *Truth or Dare*, there is a moment when Warren Beatty upbraids Madonna: "She doesn't want to live off-camera," he says to the camera, and turns to her: "Why would you say something?" he asks; "if it's off-camera?" Tremorous, if they're not here, what's the point of existing?

Henry had said it. Would the guy of herself suffice? It could be remedied! Such a statue is repellent in closed officials, but that is because they offer the part of themselves that is good for their case. Madonna, however, offers all of herself in the occasion: her hair, her womb, herudding, whistlers, her mouth, her whines, even her lustration with evil. What had impressed Matler almost as much as her music videos were that she has two films. In *Body Double* she had been absolutely convincing as a squirming, I-is-Dangerous chick; she had been equally believable as an actress who is playing a whispering mystery of a half-dressed slut. It had been a bad, hymenal, massed-up film, but she had given a double characterization. She was an actress, and she was also the same actress playing the slut, two effective performances in the midst of each other, considering that the story has her being abused by a ping of a husband who puts her out to grow an hour-video porn-and-orgy Fields of flesh. Then he beats her up with all the intensity of violence building on its own violence. (He doesn't know whether he is enraged because his wife is a slut or because she wishes to come being one.) For an actress, the role bore resemblance to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

**M**ADONNA WAS, THEN, a daring a world celebrity who did not believe miles to business her status. If she would consent faster than any other star on earth to an existence in which every movement, every sigh, every sound of love, digestion, and sleep could be recorded, if she was so interesting to herself at her worst as at her best, that might be because she won capture of a ship she could hardly command despite her skills at navigation. So she always had to learn more about herself. Who could ever claim the severe pauperage, holds, dogeons, somber chamber, epics, and cases on du ringroom ship—no snake riding—she was a two-year-old mouse from Detroit, riding a billion-dollar elephant, and she had to know her rats were power-animated, but who was providing the powers other than the record megafat? Was she, then, part of high roller capitalist society, or an outgrowth that would be excited as soon as the money wheel rolled off? With all she showed of herself, naked but for a cigarette, a black polyesterbook, and high-heeled shoes as she was photographed bushwhacking on Ocean Drive in Miami Beach, or

displaying herself in all her black-leather proficiencies—which the horse folks in Detroit, Brooklyn, Cleveland, South Boston, South Philly, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Boston were going to call damn-evil, with all we are offered of her liaisons, one basic fantasy is never expressed: There has not been a single photograph ever published of Madonna with her legs spread.

And this is where the line: We may have to reinforce our media universe. Is that the last barricade left in our leashed-out TV society? Can celebrities get away with everything except giving the public a look at their genitals? Yes, is the answer. God always keep one last refuge.

MATLER: Let's try an easier question: Is bisexuality a universal human trait?

MADONNA: I don't know. I used to say yes, because there are times I really feel bisexual.

MATLER: I take it for granted that people are. We come from a mother and a father. And that another could have been more male than the father, and the father's male aspects could have come from his mother.

MADONNA: Right.

MATLER: So for those interested in the strict one sex versus allsexual: There are people, male and female, whose only real difference is that one has a phallus, the other a vagina, yet the structure of their lives is built around their genitals. For me, the question is to what degree are these structures expressive?

MADONNA: I just think it's important to fuck what you want to fuck and not feel shame about it.

MATLER: No, shame is a guide. Except you don't agree, do you? You laugh while watching pornos?

MADONNA: I do. Every time I've seen a porn movie, I've just laughed my ass off. I think they're funny because they always try to construct these thinly veiled excuses to fuck.

MATLER: In a porno, when actors are bound and gagged, I laugh. It's deadly dull. But there are people who are stars at it, and while they're not always much as stars, nonetheless they can get excited while a crew of people are watching them, and their life doesn't seem shifted. Once a girl is photographed in a porno it's a point of no return. She's become a professional!

MADONNA: It's like life.

MATLER: Yes. They've locked into that profession, and it's not altogether agreeable. Where do they go afterward? Because female porno stars age very quickly.

MADONNA: Whp?

MATLER: I've noticed it over and over again: Why are there no female porno stars whose career last for even ten years? Porno stars get burned out. There's something about it that is dangerous. Something in them gets killed early. So I look upon it as a crass upon. But, nonetheless, when porno actresses get hot, they don't necessarily come, but they come, and you're struck by the fact that something real is happening even while the director is probably saying, "Show us more ass, honey" and adding the camera where to move. What you get then is the nature of modern reality, our double reality. I find that endlessly



fascinating. And I would have thought that would be something to interest you.

MADONNA Well, I didn't get into it.

MARILYN All right.

MADONNA I'm not discussing what they do. It's just how it affects me. Going to places like the U.S.A. and watching men dance, that sort of sex, men dancing naked.

MARILYNN Can you conceive, if you had a different life, of ending up a porno queen?

MADONNA That's so hard to say isn't it? about indifference? Not to say that porn stars are stupid, but when I am in my brain is what has brought me to where I am here, the capriciousness I mean, maybe if I were a little smaller, I'd be a housewife in Michigan.

MARILYN With an unhappy husband.

MADONNA People ask me all the time, "If your mother hadn't died, do you think . . ." And I can't think that way because I am who I am.

MARILYNN You can't think "what if," but you can use "as if." While there are certain things a porno queen does that you didn't do in body of innocence, nevertheless you were married as if you had transgressed even further. And you certainly didn't need that.

MADONNA No, I wanted to make it.

MARILYNN That's my point. Something deep in you and it's worth taking these choices.

MADONNA In the sex scenes, I did feel that this must be what it feels like to make a porno movie. Like when we supposedly were having intercourse, Wilkes and I were absolutely faking it; there was no penetration or anything like that. But if you're staring on someone's face, you are acting on someone's face. You can't really fake it. I don't know if I'm answering your question.

MARILYNN You're more than answering it. I think in effect you're agreeing with me that you've had the experience of a porno star, and so it comes back to what I said—you friend it, interesting in a lot of ways, finally tantalizing, because you were entering a world that was forbidden, and you were masterminding it in, living in it—

MADONNA Right.

MARILYNN And yet you were left with no curiosity about porno stars afterward?

MADONNA No.

MARILYNN I'm trying to understand you. I've got to say that you're self-centered.

MADONNA I've been accused of that many times.

All the same, one of the reasons she had proved shocking to large portions of Madonna's legal audience was a particular full-page photograph of the lady with her nose poked between two cheeks.

MARILYNN Either you are losing hair in the crack of his ass or you see biting him there. It's hard to tell. That's also a crucifix in the background. On his arm.

MADONNA It's his torso. That's a crucifix.

MARILYNN But the picture was chosen. You had several hundred pictures in the book, and I think I read in the defense publicity that there were twenty thousand contacts to choose from. So this photo was certainly it's a dangerous area.

MADONNA Oh, yes, oh, yes.

MARILYNN Still, religion and obscenity are not all that separate. You eat your food, and whatever spirit was in the food

is changed greatly. Then it's a crooked. It reaches the women again—that's like a passage into death. And organized religion is constantly concerned with preparation for death. Did you choose that photograph because you felt a connection?

MADONNA Maybe unconsciously.

MADONNA It shakes the hell out of people, and at the same time you're saying something. Isn't that your idea of aesthetic honesty?

MARILYNN Yes, thank you for noticing. But also he happens to have a beautiful ass, and I was enjoying that.

MADONNA Isn't that what we all work for?

MADONNA Exactly [Laughs] but I didn't really answer the question. I do believe religion and obscenity are absolutely related. And I think my original feelings of sensuality and eroticism originated in going to church.

MARILYNN I'm sure you're right. I'm not a churchgoer, but if I were to join any conventional religion, I'd be a Catholic.

MADONNA It's very sexual, and it's all about what you're not supposed to do. Everything's forbidden, and everything's behind heavy stuff—the confessional, heavy green drapes and stained-glass windows, the rituals, the kneeling—there's something very erotic about that. After all, it's very autoerotic, Catholicism.

MARILYNN It also enables you to drink the blood and eat the body of Christ.

MADONNA You're a survivor.

MARILYNN Incredible taboos are gathered in and made life giving, a considerable instructional and spiritual achievement.

MADONNA And when you're bad, you go into a little booth and ask God for forgiveness.

MARILYNN And it works, to a degree.

MADONNA And you get forgiveness.

MARILYNN You may go out and commit the same sin again, but the nature of it has been altered. Which is all a church can ever do for you. You know, when you're raising children, you can never control them, merely alter the nature of their perception a little bit at a time. The confessional does something of the same. I would assume, but in a much more theatrical and omnious manner.

MADONNA But it's very appetizing.

MARILYNN Can you ever see yourself going back to the church?

MADONNA I go to church a lot just because a lot of Catholic churches are very beautiful architecturally I love, especially right around Christmas, the smell, the candles, the incense, the ritual, as I said, and I find churches are probably one of the quietest places you can go. People somehow recognize respect when they go into a church, and you can go there and feel a real sense of tranquility. But I can't imagine becoming a practicing Catholic again, so

MARILYNN I was talking more to a very intelligent Catholic, a priest who's a friend of mine, and I said I could never become a Catholic, and he said, "Why?" Because of the transubstantiation on the mass? I said that didn't bother me a bit. I can believe in mind-movies. He said, "But you don't believe in the Immaculate Conception?" I said, "I could never be a Catholic because I do not believe that God is all-powerful." It fascinates me. The idea of a god who is not all powerful. I wonder if you can believe in that or not.

MADONNA A god who makes mistakes?

MARILYNN A god who can fail, a god who is opposed by his equals, a devil . . .

**On Madonna versus Marilyn:** She was still without the hyperbolic popularity Monroe gained in her own lifetime. Madonna was admired, but she was not loved.

MADONNA Yes, that I would like to relate to.

MARILYNN Then can you except the next question, that we have a god and a devil within us?

MARILYNN Yes, thank you for reading my mind.

MARILYNN And they war with each other and sometimes one wins, sometimes the other. One can't know because the very nature of the devil is to disseminate ambiguity.

MADONNA Well, I like the idea that God is all of us, but to me, the ultimate form of prayer, if God is in each of us, is to be kind to one another, and that is a form of prayer.

MARILYNN Surely there are certain people you're not going to be kind to, it would be a grave mistake. You have to believe there's evil in the world.

MADONNA I believe there's evil, but from my point of view, I don't believe I'm an evil person.

MARILYNN No, but you've got a good deal of evil in you. How could you not?

MADONNA I'm not saying I'm not in conflict with good and bad and I don't struggle with things inside of me, but I'm saying that the way we relate to one another is how we pray.

In "Truth or Dare" before going onstage in Detroit, she is standing with her case in proper

MADONNA Dear Lord, it seems that every time I'm standing here in this circle before the show, I'm asking you for something extra special. Well, I'm here again, and I'm begging you to give me a voice to sing with this evening, and the girls, too. This is my hometown, so I'm extremely nervous and even though it's not supposed to matter, it does matter what they think. And so I ask you to give me this [burned note every hymnbook of participants] kind of voice for the masses' condition. Watch preserved that as a corollary, there was going to be boundless submission, lack of respect for art. A painter could get away with more now than ever before! So Warhol, a mediocre dilettante, a colorist without his own palette, moved into the void. The emptiness of culture was the bottom field he would send for a napkin. He was a magician.

By now, Warhol is seen as a great artist even by people who do not profit directly from such an evaluation. Yet to think of him as an emblematic American painter is to ignore the years. One need merely compare such scoundrels with the pride of the Spanish and the French in Picasso or Matisse. No, Warhol's real claim to fame was not as an artist, but as the philosopher of words and silences. Before anyone else, he comprehended the vacuity of Western culture in the second half of the twentieth century. "Authentic," Warhol could easily have said, if he had been inclined to give his lesson now—"authinity imprinted upon emptiness is money!" And he was right. The history of the last half of the twentieth century can be seen as a study in authority, money, and emptiness. The spiritual decline of our time is the triumph of high-rez corporate architecture in every major city of the world, the proliferation of plastic via food and flesh, the presence of the homeless, AIDS, drug life, and now, in the aftermath of the cold war, ethnic cleansing, that corrosive pragmatism that looks to cure all the other ills, the first worldwide hint of a time to come when sprouted breads will wait for a meal with an antibiotic voice. "I

an the surprise," Warhol could as well have said. "I am the surprise that prepares you for the message to come." He is the biggest genius of American culture.

Madonna, born in 1958, young enough to have been Warhol's daughter, was nonetheless reacting to the same vest. But it's distinctly different fashion. She was, after all, like her generation, part of the horde of wailing wounded. If nuclear fission would be the wormholes to paradise over her last days, then, indeed, she would explore sex, and with an restorative rebellion against all large hypocrisies. One did not have to be political to sense the vast fraud of the cold war—we had all been adjured to triumph over an Evil Empire that had turned out to be no more than a Sad Morris, at least for the last twenty years, a giant Third World quasi-warrior in inefficiencies, hearts of stone, for world domination. Our political leaders had converted language into code, and our young—particularly those with good ears—reacted to the fake note.

Yet if Madonna spoke to her generation, she was still compelled to explore herself. The explorations were still going to some. In all the multimillion-dollar corps of her popularity, she was still without that hypothetic popularity Marilyn Monroe gained in her own lifetime. Madonna was adored, but she was not loved. Not like Marilyn.

Our love for Marilyn is not complete. She was our movie star of the Fifties, but Marilyn spoke of a simpler time, the Thirties. It was to the Thirties that she belonged. She was three and a half years old at the end of '50s, and a young adolescent by the time 1940 arrived. Her smile goes back to such inchoates in our sentimental loyalties as the songs of the Thirties—"Let's have another cup of coffee, and let's have another piece of pie." She would be valiant and loyal through our sorrows—so said the sweet welcome of her face. Marilyn's horns were kept within, and we know her because she gave it all to us and sacrificed herself until she was broken with inner lindens and died.

Madonna is not only a survivor but has chosen, perhaps out of necessity or naivete, to take his looks to the public: "You want to be with me, then come along for the fucking car." She offers no bones to snort, save place, she is the stereo entrepreneur who shows us how difficult it all is, especially sex in our comprehension. Yet the great as something Marilyn never could: something less awesome but equally valuable, the demonstration for us how dangerous is any human's truth once we dare to explore it; the reminder that the joys of life had been on broken glass. She is not a lipped Catholic for too little. Her focus is intense, maximum; she is always talking us, even if she never heard of Saint Odile of Cluny, but indeed it is true: "Between you and skin we are born," as the good saint told us, and the road to heaven, if you would find it, lies, by implication, between the two. Madonna comes to us as a basted descendant of the void that Andy Warhol embalmed in the ice of his teakoompe, but here she stalks to Eli that empty space with her world.

MAILED: Does anyone ever speak of music videos as bearing the same relation to feature films as poetry does to novels? MADONNA: No, I never heard that.

MAILED: While watching "Like a Virgin," I was thinking that the more you look at it, the madder it's going to get. Poetry is also maddening. One evocative pleasure is an instant to another. If you read a poem enough times, it opens

slowly, if it's a difficult one, but finally it opens. And then every time you read it, a little more comes in. Same with good music videos.

MADONNA: That's interesting. Never thought of that.

The music videos she had made over the last ten years had employed the services of amateur directors and cameramen, but just about all of them and particularly the best-known names—"Like a Virgin," "Like a Preயey," "Justify My Love," "Material Girl," "Papa Don't Preach," "True Blue," "Bad Girl," "Run," "Erotica"—had belonged to Madonna. There had been an organizing principle, a commitment to the style, a characteristic sweep, a spasmodic sorrow, a wicked refusal of pretension, a hyperbolic intimacy—one can go on with such a list, appreciations bear resemblance to the plucking of flower petals—but the summary fact was that watching Madonna on music video was to encounter a high intelligence in an artist. Those could be no question. She not only made the best music videos of them all, but they transcribed personality. She was the prime artist of music video, and it might be the only new popular art form in American life.

If one worked to measure her stature, it was interesting to compare her work with the videos of Michael Jackson. His productions were various—they depended on his personal prowess of his physical gifts, his speed, his agility, his voice, his astonishing looks, whereas Madonna had translated her own limitations to create variations in sound equal to fine points, one could measure their worth by the resonance they offered. His/her videos would prove richer on each viewing, one could not perhaps say as much about Michael Jackson.

MAILED: I used to leave you with an idea I've come to the conclusion that you are a great artist. [Madonna gaps slightly] It's on record now.

MADONNA: Okay.

MAILED: That's going to be the theme of this piece, that what we have among us is our greatest living female artist.

MADONNA: Thank you.

**M**OST PEOPLE, no matter how brilliant, are vacuous. Once you come to the end of what is interesting in them, you can touch the side of the jar. There will be nothing afterward but repetition of what you have learned already. It might take a night, a year, or half a lifetime, but once you can touch the side of the vessel, a good part of the larger feeling is gone. And the clue to discovering that a framework of personhood is might but one more vessel is that you can never win an argument with a glass jar. A vessel is a vessel. Beyond is the void.

So it was agreeable tillering to Madonna. She had not tested yet on any of her boundaries. Perhaps she never would.

MAILED: Did anyone ever say that you have a resemblance to Princess Diana?

MADONNA: Get out of here! No one has ever said that. That's hysterical.... I guess I could do worse.

MAILED: A lot worse.

MADONNA: Poor Princess Diana. H-

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THE DEFINITIVE SELECTION, 1994

# WOMEN WE LOVE

## All-American Girl

By Jimmy Breslin

You can win or lose with grace and style.  
Or you can be yourself, like Tonya Harding.

**H**EY CAME TONYA HARDING, who should have been a firefighter to begin with, answering the call when the alarm went off in her blue pickup truck. She had on a T-shirt and sweatpants and ran barefoot out of the apartment, and across the driveway and now there was a commotion in her way and she went to her right and saw there were two video cameras and she made a crossover in midair and with her little bare feet went pounding, pounding across cement and asphalt. "Move! Get out of the way!" she screamed at all those grubby cameramen and reporters. Freak your Olympics? That is un-American. "They're trying to tow my pickup truck!"

If you had to say what caused Tonya Harding the most trouble, Nancy Kerrigan or pickup trucks, you would have to point at the trucks. She had two of them, that soft blue Ford Econ four-wheel-drive and a green '94, which was at a repair shop. So if they towed the blue pickup, she wouldn't have any wheels and that wouldn't be right. After all, she was a real citizen. And she needed the truck to get to practice for the

Olympics. "I want to win a medal for my country," she said. So she got right up and talked the tow-truck driver out of hauling away her pickup. It was at this moment that she became first pounding through an Oregon winter's day that you had to fall in love with Tonya Harding. Of course she was a bad girl, maybe she didn't let Nancy Kerrigan herself, but she was still a do-much to keep her mind. We know that.

But never as Tonya Harding when she came onto the ice in Norway and just skated around with Nancy Kerrigan right there, the two of them all alone. I have seen fighters come into the ring and stand at their feet or out into the air because they hand the other guy so much they couldn't look at him. I saw Mike Tyson spit when he stepped into the ring with Michael Spinks. Nobody ever did a like Tonya Harding, who acted as if she belonged and nothing ever had happened.

Tonya Harding, American sportswoman, was so brazen and talented and did so many things wrong that it is impossible to hate her. Who among us is a freaking perfect that they never made a bad mistake?

She stands for all those dirty girls who held something for a boyfriend and got busted for carrying it, for everybody who got his foot loose for one freakin' time, the devil was tall the recipient didn't add up, for every tow-truck owner who dropped out of high school and sits in a garage and knows her namesake will be the same as her future, for all the fakies in a country that adores success so much that we think anybody who can't make a doesn't deserve to live.

Tonya Harding was supposed to become a champion



GEORGE LANGE

but instead became a busted little wife pleading guilty to a felony in a municipal courthouse. You find her now working off her five hundred hours of community service by frolicking old people in Portland. For a living, she mows grass.

"What's your boss's name?" I ask her.

"I don't know if I'm supposed to say. Wait a minute."

Now she cuts out. "Just, can I give you some?"

She comes back on the phone. "Today the name is just—"

She is crying out a doubled skating act with a gay named Patrick she wants to take her act on the road, but her probation restricts her to three states—Oregon, Washington, and California—and the right and correct distance from the courthouse than that to find people who will want to see her.

But don't even bother to reveal that she is down. Because Tonya Harding never fell from any heights. She just failed to leap high enough from this roller-coaster life of hers. She could do something nobody else could do: a triple Axel, and then she never even attempted it in the Olympics. She is from a world of mistakes and cheap excuses, and back in February she wasn't in shape to do anything but drink beer in a poolroom. Then she stripped the whole Olympics and said she wanted to get new sneakers and stain the thing all over again later.

At this point in her life, Tonya Harding was sharing an apartment with her best friend, Stephanie, and Stephanie's husband, John, and their baby, John. Also in the apartment with Tonya was a new boyfriend, David, who was a carpenter. Past boyfriends have said that she could do triple-takes and triple orgasms, but David had seen another. He had left his girlfriend for Tonya Harding, and that turned out terrible, as you can figure. They had a television set, a VCR, a telephone with a fax machine, Wendy's hamburger wrappers, pizza boxes, cartons of Marlboro Lights, and Budweiser beer. The cigarettes were absolutely beautiful for Tonya's asthma. When Tonya practiced for the Olympics, she would wheel around the room once or twice, then do a pump, lean on her barbell behind, and then at up, shaking her head rapidly, and glide to the finish. She would lean over and spray her throat so she could breathe

When she finished, she had coffee and a cigarette in the locker room. At home, she had her white cotton of Marlboro right where she could grab them and blow plenty of smoke over a cup of beer.

The baby in the house was all right. He never whined about secondary smoke.

Tonya gets in trouble with her track at her training headquarters, the Ice Chalet at the Clackamas Town Center, when her pager went off, signaling that the alarm on her Ford pickup was wailing. She ran through a steel door and never saw the puddle and she skidded and soared to fall. The track was soft, but the right ankle was not. Afterward, she was in Olympics practice in Noviog, Tonya was weeping in pain.

This was around the time when a Mrs. Kay Ashby Brooks stood in front of her house on a hill overlooking the Clackamas Ice Chalet and said no, she was not going to go near the arena to see Tonya Harding get ready for the Olympics. Kay Ashby Brooks had seen enough of Tonya.

One morning, Kay Ashby Brooks was driving to work and stopped for a red light. Right behind her came that pickup truck with the driver honking furiously. Then the pickup just seemed just past the woman and stopped. Tonya Harding came out of the truck on the dead run. She ran up to Kay Ashby Brooks and reached in and slipped her. Then, when the woman got out of the car, Tonya Harding ran back to her track, grabbed an aluminum baseball bat, and headed back for Kay Ashby Brooks. Then Tonya threw out her bat back onto the track and came at the woman, shoulder rolling, body bent, hands up. "I never had seen a woman look like a boxer before," Kay Ashby Brooks said.

Tonya whacked her with a right hand. "My eye was out to here," Kay Ashby Brooks remembered.

The other night, Tonya Harding was supposed to call me, but somebody called to say that Tonya's cellular phone had been stolen, and she was supposed to be out buying one right now, but instead she went out four-wheeling in her track and nobody knew where she was. I said, "All right." What else are you going to say? Nothing changes Harding ever changes with Tonya Harding because what you see is what she is.

see it, it would be a while until I bought my first moustache at Huber's Museum on Bury-squared Street. But I did, eventually, because aware of that fact, that carriage, that look. Three years later, I saw her in *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow*. Though I was still a virgin, my sensibilities were forever deflowered.

And that was nothing. For the first time in my young life, I glorified something sublime and preternatural and irreverable and everlasting—at once an aura, a presence, an emanation beauty and elegance, a luminous charisma of sanctity and serene maternal light and deepest passion—that abides certain women. And there was more. In a world of people who proclaimed pride without ever knowing its trials in their source, Sophia Loren ensured a pride that was silent, dignified, and real.

Now thirty years have passed; she'll be ninety this September, I, forty-five in October. The days of the film moustache are long gone, those of the film teeth are here. But some things are forever, and it is good to know that as one's appreciation of the rarer aspects of beauty increases, the vale lies beneath it all remains constant, pure, unvarnished.

## The First Goddess

By Nick Tosches

**Sophia Loren, yesterday, today, and tomorrow**

**W**HENCE DO THESE come from, our personal goddesses, the embodiments of us, Gothic put it, the eternal feminine that drives us on? Well, The Abbott and Costello Show for one. To me, the click and clack of Hilary Brook's heels were like the wondrous firmament of Aphrodite in the lands of Cyprus. And, boy, let's not forget long, tall Italian McCalls of Strega, Queen of the jungle, bare-legged and varnished sandal princess, lush wilds of syndication.

But this was bad stuff. By puking, they had abandoned me, and I then, Too Worse, starring Sophia Loren, came in 1965, when I was eleven and she was twenty-six. I didn't get to





# Return of the Supervixens

By Michael Angeli

Buy a *Circus Girl* a drink.  
She'll sip it while waiting for  
someone better than you.

**T**HREE MAYBE EVERYTHING and nothing, depending on whom you're lying to—your wife, your girlfriend, or yourself. Is it you, or does every sultry five-foot-eleven-tanned-clad contingent in a sun-skin cycle dress happen to be in the house tonight? Say hello to the Circus Girls, a loose confederation of working models posing in the five-grand-a-week surge and possessed of an awareness of physical beauty that could make a monk weep. Let them enchant you, because it's their reason d'être to meander through after-hours private parties at L.A.'s hot hole-holes—Marina, Viper, Babylon, or any place long *dark* enough to confuse your eyes—with the giddily dubious purpose of providing a shot of post-drip glamour to the surroundings. Think of the burning at the World series or those care-free domesticated squirrels scampering around the Disney lot that can lead rats to.

Though some admit to being paid to show up at the clubs, as the Coast beauty icon in the mink turtleneck puts it, "The models attract people who want to spend money on models."

And if you've inclined to believe that these Bodacious beauties only go for the Romeo Bivouac-Teal Pat type, you've sadly mistaken. They go for the sexual Keisha Stevens or Brad Pitt—nude in pose, Nicolas Cage occupying a table at club Marina recently, while around him the place looked like a spawning pool for the next *Grease* jeans woman.

In the present age of look-but-don't-touch, pat away your bag of mias and rise, then, a glass of near beer in hand that you might never poison, and repeat after me: "True love is like ghosts everybody talks about but no body's seen." Honey, I'm home!



# Literary License

By Dominick Dunne

**Judith Regan** wants to get you between the covers

**S**HES WAS ONE OF those New York publishing figures I was always hearing stories about: fascinating women *judasus* was the word I heard most often. The books she edited made money lots of money. Two of her authors, Rush Limbaugh and Howard Stern, a more disolute couple of literary figures I could not imagine, had been way high up on the best-seller lists for months and months. People said she was beautiful to nose her voice, if the occasion arose, no matter how mighty the personage who caused her displeasure.

Before we'd ever met, I called to tell her I would be unable to write a book jacket blurb that had been requested. Judith answered her own telephone. "Hey, don't worry about it," she said calmly. "Later, I'd love to

meet you. Would you like to have lunch?" We met. Those hands—porous and goodly, the sound of silence elated us. When I wasn't fiddling on the floor, laughing at some of the outrageous things she said, I was riveted by the intimate stories she told me about her life. By the end of lunch, I knew all about her divorce, her kids, her custody battle, and an executive she hates who jerks off in her office with the door open. I learned that maybe, just maybe, she might be leaving her fabulous job for the even better one she just took, her own imprint at Harper's Mardoch's publishing house and a Fox TV gig. But she warned me, "Don't say anything about it yet; it's only in the talking stage." Still, I think she wouldn't have minded if I repeated it, which I probably did.

ing of my eardrums was Kim Gordon—a fellow downstayer who worked a day job at an art magazine (or something like that) and whose central distinguishing characteristic was these sunglasses she wore over her regular glasses. They flipped up.

I lost track of everyone for a while as the mad-Egyptian, then I started listening to Sonic Youth's music on CDs. They had *unconsciousness* their sound into a collage of everything: good, noise, beat, lyrics, forever, forever.

Then I saw them play and fell in love. Kim was no longer Kim, but KIM—empowered dominatrix for dinner outtake everywhere.

She had become perfect: platinum-blond hair, sleek bod encased in metallic stretch Lycra, pale, white face with ruby-red lips excusing our her heart, languid message of need unfilled. She threw herself around on the stage, she ruled the swarming mass of bodies below her. Anarchy under control, ours channeled to a fine bone.

Ever since that night, I've listened to the music with painful longing. What is it? It's the fine cold, let's-fuck-you-better-be-good voice of Kim Gordon.



## Grunge Diva

By Eric Bogosian

**Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon** knows what sex sounds like

**T**HREE YEARS AGO I saw Sonic Youth play was at a club bar across the Bowery from CBGB's around 1985. Maybe play isn't the right word. Snore, snort, snore, a mere blip. In the middle of this banging and ripping and tear-



RIGHT: TIMOTHY WHITE

## Jerry's Kid

By Stanley Bing

What's the deal with this **Shoshanna Bechtolt?**

**W**EEN A MAN hits bottom, he finds himself wanting certain things from his woman. First of all, she's got to be there, not in some other room, talking to somebody else. Second, she can't be a business, not ever. And she's got to make you want to sleep when you put your hands around her, go to kiss your mind wide open and turn your entire body into an spasmodic muscle when she's doing something more than chewing on a pen while thinking over her agosto homeowork. Finally, she should have a good sense of humor, in the sense that she gets your jokes. That's pretty much it.

Ah, the pleasures of an immature relationship! You can dedicate entire acetylic two-hour days to just being with her. You can take her home to Mom without worrying she's going to get weird on you. You can stay up all night, talking, drinking, staring at her breasts. Ah, Lord. To be sinned and have these breasts writh in your hands! Oh, sure, it's a sort of fondness, but isn't that part of the kick? Later, you grow up, of course, and want different, more mature things from a woman. Unless you are very, very lucky.

Give 'em hell, Jerry.

# Such a Face!

By Lewis Grassberger

*Saturday Night Live's Linda Richman: what's not to love?*

LINDA, LINDA, LINDA, I can't get you out of my mind. What went wrong between us? Why do I yearn for you still? I dream of your infectious has, your snarls, and your husky contralto, those dreams bring me most luster.

Remember our blind date? It was my first Standup concert. I didn't mind having to hock my Buck to buy the tickets, nor for a voice like barath. Of course, Barbara's last-minute cancellation due to laryngitis prompted a small riot, but I'll never forget the way you shewed, "Stop it this instant, you mangroves," and the crowd got calm like a baby.

Last over spring rolls at the Chinese on Utopia Parkway. I gazed at that slopey paes behind those sexy glasses with the gold chain while you spoke with such vulnerability of your first husband, Harvey, and his prostate trouble. When I asked for a goodnight kiss at your door, you got a little jinkles, noseably, and ours wellled up while you struggled to regain your composure, then as I turned to leave, you suddenly embraced me, and I was overwhelmed by the aroma of Elizabeth Taylor's Passion.

How could any man forget your sweet ey of surrender or our tryst for weddin that followed at Leonard's of Great Neck?

Then came our tragic misadventures. Linda, I never touched your former best friend Suzy down in Boca. This is a lie she told fir who knows what twisted reason jealousy, probably. Please come back! I swear I won't complain about your not cooking or the sillo place bld. Anything you want is free by me, Linda Angst.

Escape your mother coming to live with us again. Then I need like a mre leg.

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN



## The Grand Inquisitor

By James B. Stewart

*When Connie Britton asks, people answer. God help them.*

**T**HE GREAT MYSTERY OF Connie Britton is why people talk to her when the results can be so startlingly uncommunicative—so unwilling of what detective writers like to call the naked truth. But talk they do, bringing themselves in ways large and small, leaving a reader gaping that someone actually said such a thing, let alone to a reporter. Some of her answers never get over it. Others, once they're over from the shock of self-recognition, have become sturdy admissions.

The information Connie elicits from her subjects is the kind that can't be coerced. Lawyers may have the subpoena power, but Connie has something much more potent. She makes people want to confide in her. Thus, she has the advantages of great looks, style, and charm. But there is something else, a genuine open-mindedness and sense of fairness that can be misconstrued as vulnerability. Many have believed that they alone could comfort her, that they could succeed where others had been failed.

And those who aren't talking to Connie, believing her to have some how bewitched them, are to my mind simply wrong. Were Connie to write about me, I would want to be interviewed, my only regulation hearing that I, too, might be too honest for my own good. I know I'd get to the bottom of things anyway. In Connie's work, *Enter the Wolfster's Ball*, her groundbreaking investigation of the Michael Jackson empire, or her articles in *The New Yorker* and her recently published account of Steve Jobs's conquest of Hollywood and Time Warner, *Master of the Game*, she has never detected a lie or mean-spirited note. What Connie does in her work is honor her obligation to the truth and to readers, however painful that sometimes may be. Among journalists, it is a trait that seems ever more scarce.

ABOVE: BARRYEL KESTRINE

ESQUIRE 47



## The Wild One

By Willie Morris

**Betty Page, the first naked woman in America**

**H**E BODY WAS OF the Fifies, my Fifies, full and opulent as the replenishing epoch itself, not the thin, slender, athletic svelteurine of the Nineties models nor of today's high-tensioned strappers with the adenosine aspect. Dwelling here in New York, I knew people who had haphazardly sighed her on the Manhattan streets at the acme of her satiety and described her to me, the long legs, the nearly ebony hair set in bangs across her forehead, her gaudless southern girl's smile

And she was a Southern gal, which claim exacts heftiness—from Kingsport, Tennessee, in the unimportant mountains—and she lived in an orphanage and won a DAR scholarship and taught high school English.

It is commonly known she was drawn to New York in '48 and worked as a Wall Street typist while pursuing her chosen to-be an actress. She another drabber nor stodified, and she carried a brick in her purse to ward off strangers. By '55, however, she had become an emblem of Fifies sensibility the even darker side of Marilyn. A half million or so pictures would be taken of her for the mid-order girls' journals by professionals, or by amateurs for their own inflation at abandoned Birthdays and bodily, rumpitious grosses. She had earlier starred in film shorts named *Copacobang Out*, *Hobblin' in Kid Leather Horse*, and *Frensh Gitter Fight*. In the dithering McCarthy years, she was summoned before Senator Estes Kefauver's investigating committee, which was be-

giving its move against truthe, and the senator himself, one of our nation's most far-fetched womenizers, postlayed her on his sun and foible. Her career was just about over. In '57 at age thirty-four, she left New York for various American venues and later joined the Billy Graham Crusade. Then she vanished from the Lord's good earth.

Nearly four decades later, at an age diminished by a national media with the collective remembrance of a weighty lastflapper, we nevertheless are advised that Betty Page still lives, an enigmatic, enigmatic recluse holding somewhere out there in the woe-boneless brook of the Great Republic. How are you, Kingsport girl? Where exactly are you living as we speak? I feel for you, and I say it genuinely. Are you yourself somehow cashing in on your own plemontance: a false road drop in some rather sunless areas of the San Fernando Valley perhaps? Are you sotia and sabbled, or bamer and tempestuous? Please don't tell anybody, nor even Oprah.

RUNNY TEAGUE

## Guilty Pleasure

By David Denby

There's a knock at the door, **Helena Mirren** is the arresting officer. We'll go quietly.

**S**HET'S ON THE SMALL SIDE, but she has golden skin, dark blue eyes, and a smile, teeth only rarely that suggest sexual intent in the world. An acquaintance of mine and of herself, Helena Mirren, a good, classically trained British actress, has astounded American TV watchers just by seeming a grown-up person with ambitions, will, and a touch of ruthlessness—as well as a body and soul responsive enough to register every current in the room. As Detective Chief Inspector Jane Tennison in PBS's *Prime Suspect* series, Mirren has brought off the most seductive example of great acting in the history of television. And yet there's nothing sordid or grandiose about her. Her style is modest, small-scale, transparent. Having attained a naughty reputation for taking off her clothes in such movies as *From Lili* and *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*, Mirren remains naked throughout *Prime Suspect* without removing a single garment. No matter how many squadron crises are forming, no matter how many people are fighting for her attention, Mirren always has a private moment with the camera, a moment in which we see, beneath the harassed, brash exterior, exactly what she's thinking and feeling. She sees the emotional and moral values. And we accept what we learn from her because she's always a three-dimensional person, barn and hating, strong yet easily angered. Mirrey has never looked so ripe, so sexual—and so melancholyly focused at the same time. Mirren has ended, for the time being, the tedious, pointless dichotomy between mind and body. She's put a whole woman on the screen and made people grateful just for her existence.



RIGHT: ALISTAIR MORRISON



## Socialite Climber

By William Norwich

**Sandy Pittman** has been to the mountaintop—and it's fabulous

**S**URE, SHE IS AS RARE IN fashion-savvy salons from here to, well, quite Storvaly Tiberius, but where exactly does Sandy Pittman find more of herself? Mortar? From now on Richard Tyler's spring collection? No. Climbing Mount Everest with a strip of aluminum foil covering her nose to keep it from getting sunburned (inspiring some of the winter ladies who lauds to nickname her "Outdoor Barbie")

Sandy Pittman is a wonderful exception to the follow-the-leader rule of society. Yes, she is a full-fledged fixture in Manhattan's fundraising efforts, including those for the New York City Ballet and the Rainforest Foundation. Yes, she owns Isaac Mizrahi frocks and Chantal suns like the best of them. Except that when one rings her on the phone, she is likely to answer from her portable Motel 6, pedaling up the tony something flights of stairs in her Central Park West apartment building, which is one of the ways she trains for her mountain assaults. It's not unusual to find her eleven-year-old son, Bo, holding



## Her Place in the Sun

By John Berendt

**Vanessa Williams** has risen above it all and is shining

**T**HE FATE IS, IF ANYTHING, more beautiful now—sun-kissed, sultry, elegant. The voice is richer, the laugh more self-assured. The eyes are still a luscious green—a little wiser, perhaps, but not sadder. Definitely not sadder. It's been ten years since I last faced her in studio in Miss America. She's long since risen above all that, of course. Seven Grammys to her name, not to mention a number-one hot single, two albums (one gold, one platinum), a husband, and three kids. The fact of the matter is that this was no batten-down, pokey-sewing, goody-two-shoes *Miss America*-like meat of the others. Vanessa Williams had real talent. Listen to the quality of her voice on the haunting, along-just-for-Tonight "Boys you, fall under her spell in the darkness of the Broadway Theater, where she is currently starring in the Broadway musical *Rio* of the Spider Woman. And as she spans her web, imagine how sweet it must be for her to know that, as spite of everything, when people hear the words "Miss America," the first name they think of is hers."

# A Breath of Fresh Air

By George Will

New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman is unusual—she does what she says she'll do

**A**UTHORITY, like it is a bad thing. As is well-known, we conservatives are incapable of tender feelings, and anyway, conservatism teaches that love is a disproportionate response to threats political. But I'll say that the fact of Christine Todd Whitman, the governor of New Jersey, and not just because she kept her promise. (And she'd cut taxes! Did I mention? Remarkable!) Rather, what recommends her is her sturdy ability to cut to the heart of things.

When her campaign message spun tall tales about paying off African-American clergy to suppress the vote, her fury was about the inside, not to her, but to the clergy. Announcing that the state's public television stations would have to make do without taxpayer dollars, she said, "Government ownership of the media went out with Paulette." Mike that implied.

The current Pasadena's wife, and her acolytes, imply that all concubines of hers, and especially that from conservative wives, proves that her critics can't abide a "strong woman." Well, Lewie made the question of who is so "strong" about someone who has married into a position of power. Conservatism's protégés include Jane Kirkpatrick and Margaret Thatcher, not exactly shrill shrieking violins in the political garden (Gilda Radner, indeed, Glasser—and we're supposed to think Hillary Clinton is a strong woman.)



Remarks about such things, but she is well born and bred, and it shows. She has that certain defiance and confidence that can come with the security of a comfortable upbringing. So she can say with unforced indifference, "They have me anyway," when asked about the opposition of the teachers' union to her support for Jersey City's school-choice voucher program. And about that tax cut, "I didn't say 'Read my lips.' I'm just doing it."

Policemen would be more engaging if, every once in a while, they would say something—anything—that does not seem sanctified, homogenized, parroted. It would be fun to see from their faces

of countenances like that of Georges Clemenceau—no slouch in a policeman—who, wanting a bowler hat to a garden party, encouraged Lord Balfour wearing a top hat. "They sold us a cop hat would be worn," said Balfour. "They told me, too," said Clemenceau. Whitman is one of the few politicians one can imagine expressing such indifference from the countenances that enable contemporary politics so suffocating.

## Garbo Barks

By William Wegman

**Lassie** wants to be alone

**W**HEN I RECENTLY ASKED ME to photograph Lassie, I put aside my reservations about working with other dogs. I only like working with my dogs. But Lewie... Who could resist the chance to work with an icon? The Toronto of dogs. My idea remained out all day and night prancing the big sweater, our meeting at the Polaroid 20-by-24 studio. My dogs, Fay and Betty, were excited, too. I gave them

laths. They got special food. They enjoy meeting other animals. We got there early to fine-tune the set. My assistants and the Polaroid crew were there. The shoot-off ring, Lassie (always played by a male) appeared with his master, his PR person, and his pal Mervin, a Jack Russell terrier, very cute. Betty poked her curious nose around the corner, and Lassie's snout went 180 degrees. "No dog! No dog! No dog! Get those dogs out of here!" We stayed. Lassie and his snarling elevated down to their limousine to stretch.

After my usual shock and disappointment, I agreed to send my waiters home, and face Lassie again. I'm glad I did. The current Lassie is four years old, roundhouse, and obnoxious. I wasn't allowed to touch him or talk to him, however. Only his master can do that. No matter. Lassie, after all, is not a real dog but a character played by a dog, and that character is eternal, famous, and sublime.



ABOVE: HARRY FERBER; RIGHT: WILLIAM WEGMAN

# More Women We Love . . .



## Women We'd Take on the Beach

Jennifer Flavin  
Drew Barrymore  
Christie Brinkley

## Better In Bed!



## Women We'd Rock

Jennifer Grey  
The Spice Girls  
Hilary Duff  
The Disney Sisters



Susan Sarandon  
The Spice Girls  
Hilary Duff  
The Disney Sisters



Janet Reno  
The Spice Girls  
Hilary Duff  
The Disney Sisters

## Welcome! You Made the Cut!

Kay Bailey Hutchison  
Martha Stewart  
Mrs. Doubtfire  
Courtney Love  
Kathleen Lee Gifford  
The Kansas City Dancers



Women We'd Just as Soon  
Keep Their Clothes on It  
Also Mean Looking at Dennis  
Franz's Butt

Anyone on NYPD Blue

Women Who Give New  
Meaning to the Phrase  
"Kangaroo-Butt"  
Patti Davis

Women Who Have a Hard  
Time Explaining Their New  
Shame Rollers

Courtney Love  
Dorothy Myers  
The wife of your  
average British  
Calcutta restauranteur

Women Who  
Ended Up Looking  
Better Than We'd  
Have Thought

John Nixon Eisenhower

Women Who, on the Other  
Hand, Ended Up Looking Worse  
Than We'd Have Thought

Tricia Nixon Cox



Mila Jovovich  
Lotta Davidovich  
Anika Radulovich

Women Who Are Probably as  
Wholesome as They Seem

Tessie Mae  
Susan Molson  
Kate Coane  
Zina Hippowise  
The Snapple Lady

Women Who Gosh! It's  
Wholesome as They Seem

Erin

Tippie Goss  
Mary-Chapin  
Carprhart  
Ellen  
DeGeneres  
Willow Bay  
Sela苑



## Women Who Takes On

Dig In!

Lia Horowitz, president,  
Coca-Cola Pictures  
Hazel O'Leary, secretary,  
U.S. Department  
of Energy  
Rich Kozlak, New York City  
restaurant critic  
Victoria Reggie, Mrs.  
Edward M. Kennedy

Katherine Ann Powers

Katherine Ann Powers



Women Who Like Men  
Who Admire  
Machismo

Women Who Would  
Make Us Rewind  
State Troopers II  
We Were Governor  
and She Was the  
Best They Could Be  
Paula Jones



John Nixon Eisenhower

Women Who, on the Other  
Hand, Ended Up Looking Worse  
Than We'd Have Thought

Tricia Nixon Cox

## Women Who Could Enhance Any Party

Marge Schott



## Things We'll Like to Hear from a Woman We Love

1. "How, don't worry, your handsome little head should show where that money comes from just say 'cute factors'"
2. "Ladies, Frank's a troll and I just put Cody and Candy to sleep."
3. "Why? Billy's a troll."
4. "I can't leave Harry during. He's been too helpful to me. But I'll run the piece in *Showbiz and Mommies*."
5. "Fuck times. Let's go high."

Women Who Could Enhance  
Any Party (as Long as  
She Brings the Condoms  
and the Joint(s))

Joycelyn Elders

## Women Who Need Better Scripts

Madeline Sosave  
Annabella Sciorra  
Gena Davis  
Hillary Rodham  
Clinton

## Women Who Almost Make Generation X Seem Appealing

Jeanne Garofalo

## Women We'd Want For

Arianna Huffington  
Gaby Hoffmann  
Lori Tyler

## Things We'll Never Like to Say to a Woman We Love

1. "Kari... Kari was always so chapter. I like you because you have a dark side."
2. "Ladies, I'm not doing gone anymore, so we can spend some more time together"
3. "Sweetness, I think we have to take an ad out in the paper announcing that we're honest and faithful!"

## Things We'll Never Like to Say to a Woman We Love

1. "Uh, I'm sorry, Trooper Johnson didn't tell me your name."
2. "Hey, you're stayin' from T.J. Housh, right? What have you been up to?"
3. "Kari, do you really need that dessert? I can't see your pelvic socket anymore."
4. "Anna Nicole, do you really need that dessert? I can almost see the Statue of Liberty behind you."
5. "Kari..."

## Things We'll Never Like to Say to a Woman We Love

Lia, I'm sorry, Trooper Johnson didn't tell me your name."

2. "Hey, you're stayin' from T.J. Housh, right? What have you been up to?"

3. "Kari, do you really need that dessert? I can't see your pelvic socket anymore."

4. "Anna Nicole, do you really need that dessert? I can almost see the Statue of Liberty behind you."

5. "Kari..."

# ...and a Few We Don't

## Anna Quindlen

So predictable that we  
can already see her  
columns decrying this entire  
personality and objectifying concuse.



## Peggy Noonan

It's time to return the key to  
the Republican clicko closet.

## Whitney Houston

It's too bad O'Neill wasn't  
alive to do your pretty piece.



Julia Roberts  
On her way to  
becoming the  
Zsa Zsa of our time

## Mary Matilda

Stah, and of Bob  
Tanner were married  
to James Carroll,  
he'll be on TV, too



Linda Lavin  
If only she'd been there to  
see to save Gary

## Wynona Judd

Our less Events Judd (and  
that includes Nelson)



# Into the Heart of Whiteness

IT'S THE OLDEST RULE of hunting—if you wait at his watering hole, the lions will come to you. The rumor is that Eugene Terre Blanche, leader of the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, the largest white militant organization in South Africa, is on the run. At dawn, a police antiterrorist unit arrested thirty-two of his right-wing soldiers, charging them with 21 counts of murder and 139 counts of attempted murder, along with possession of explosives and illegal weapons. It is Wednesday of election week in South Africa, and a miracle seems to be happening. Facetions that had promised bloody war here, even Chief Buthelezi and his Zulu warlords, have called a truce—or least temporarily—to due a black president. All except white diehards like Terre Blanche, who is boycotting the elections and promising to disrupt the new democracy using "any means necessary."

Not so long after the sun sets, Terre Blanche walks into the pub at the Vrystaatdorp Hotel, a nondescript sort of Innkeepers and around right-wing regulars in South Africa's rural plateau land, about one hundred miles outside Johannesburg. Towns, the barbershop, and the regulars stop playing darts and greet the Leader, hands clapping, foreheads in the custom of these parts. A burly skin in his fifties, white beard neatly trimmed, camouflage cap pulled low, Terre Blanche does not look like the most dangerous man in South Africa. No gun visible, just a烟斗 stuck out a safe pocket of his work pants. He ducks into the gratis, returns, spots me before he sits at the bar.

"Hello, cowboy," he says ordering a whisky for us both. His blues, usually adoring eyes ("They burn with a pure flame of my people's desire for a white homeland") are now bloodshot; and his voice, a rumbling growl deep down, has quaked to a whisper. We talk about the rats on his noggin—what, as he calls his Afrikaners, is called the Afrikaanse Weerstandsbeweging, or AWB. He says among the

**Democracy has come to South Africa with a bang, not a whimper. A month on the run with the mad bombers of the ultra-right-wing Afrikaner resistance.**

BY DANIEL VOLLM

are Nico Pretorius, his right-hand man and security general, and the leader of the Iron Guards, but also paramilitary and the hit squads for "The但是."

Yes, he expects to be arrested, but no use running. "We just come from my farm, where I told my black workers that I may be gone for a long time. I told them to feed the sheep and the cattle."

"And... your horses?" (Terre Blanche—French for "White Earth"—was once a playboy, and I know my past is this dismal. I am the writer who seeks his confessions, and like him, I will play my part shamelessly.)

"Jo, I said goodbye, to myself. I downed his drink, buried her face in his big hands ("He's got such jolous big hands"), one of his mates marvels. "I mean, you should see those hands. Big as jolous. Lookary says." His fingers are cuffed with dirt. "I am a lonely man," he says, "a simple man, a poor farmer."

Four major bombs have gone off in the days before the elections, including a car bomb in downtown Johannesburg, which killed nine; another at a taxi rank, killing seven; and a blast at Jan Smuts airport, which caused ten million dollars in damage. Now that his men have been arrested, will his organization, which claims to be the IRA of South Africa, take responsibility for the bombs? These have been deaths, I say.

and people want to know if you were part of those deaths." "No," he growls, shaking his huge, bearded head. "I won't take credit for those bombings." He hunches deeper into the bar. "Our men have never killed anybody, except a few blacks."

"Then who planted the bombs?"

"You tell me," he bellows, clearly exasperated. "Who is Father Christus?" He orders cigarettes from the bartender, settling for Chesterfields. A second whisky is ordered.

Traan's young daughter runs across the bar, waving to be leased by the Leader. For a brief moment, Terre Blanche is ordered Santa Claus, lifting her high into the air, and then she is gone, scampering across the room. He turns to me, his voice somber: "What will her future be like under a black government? We taught them what was gold, we taught them what was diamonds, we taught them what was stones—and now they will kick us in the face. They will burn our flag and throw our bodies onto the streets."

I tell him he looks tired.

"I hardly sleep at night," he says, lighting another cigarette. "When I close my eyes, I dream of bombs."

For Terre Blanche, who has cast himself as military savior of Afrikaner nationalism, these are in deed trying times. I understand the desire for a few stiff drinks. Not only were his top generals locked up—perhaps for life—but, even worse, today the enemy breached Worcester's deep, its hometown. Right around the corner from his bunkerized head-quarters, where he's spent the last years declaring that a black government will never rule his people, local Black voters—prodded by the army and the police—cast their votes in South Africa's first democratic elections.

Most of South Africa's 4 million whites—including the vast majority of the 2.7 million law-abiding Afrikaners, beloved former president F.W. de Klerk when he said that they mean "slap or die." In a whine-only referendum two years ago, more than 80 percent voted for a measure that started the country toward this week's all-race elections. And now, the AWB, which claims many thousand death-paging members with a hard core of armed, mean soldiers—finds itself on the other end of the gun and the legal system.

Closely the apartheid system, designed to annex South Africa's thirty million blacks to black tribal "homelands," had not worked. Millions of blacks, bought up-sheepish price tags, had poured into the sprawling megapolis of Soweto, outside Johannesburg, and into squatter camps around Cape Town, rather than live in the homelands. And the South African economy desperately needed the workers. When Botha's successor, F.W. de Klerk, also an Afrikaner, brought African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela out of prison in 1990 and began negotiations for a democratic election, he immediately split the Afrikaner tribe.

Right-wing ultranationalists like Terre Blanche, unwilling to give up apartheid's central belief in separation, lie upon the idea of a related, a separate Afrikaner homeland within South Africa. The collapse in Terre Blanche's fondest hopes, would include roughly the territories of the old Boer regu-

lars—of Orange Free State, the Western Transvaal, and northern Natal, with Richards Bay as its port. It is the land of their forefathers, the white tribe of Africa, who served from Germany, France, and Holland in the 1600s. Land they fought and died for in battles against the Zulu and Xhosa tribes, and finally the British. This is a sizable chunk of South Africa, roughly as present of the country. "Our own little Israel," championed former defense minister General Constand Viljoen. He had a military plan for how the oil-must could be accomplished. It was a boon for Terre Blanche, a former policeman who wanted the world finally to see that he was no neo-Nazi, but a pastor, one of those Africaners who wasn't so apid that he'd lose his roots.

And so it went. Terre Blanche proclaims the true Afrikaner is a free, a man of the earth, a farmer, the rest, such as de Klerk, are cravens who betrayed the soil to the CIA, the Jews, and Jesus. Others might choose the ballot to decide their fate in a country where blacks outnumber whites six to one, but Terre Blanche didn't like those odds. He figured that the election would never take place. The borders of his people's nation would be drawn in blood.

But here he sits on a barnail, unspooling long of his own right-wing cauldron, without even the dig city of arrest or martyrdom. A month ago, in less desperate times, the Leader was the cause celebre of the international right-wing cult. One day, he answered the phone in his office, spoke for a minute in Afrikaans, then, capturing his head over the receiver, asked me, "Who's David Duke?" While Duke, the American white supremacist, spoke at audience with Terre Blanche, out of the fax machine spun an invitation from Russian nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovsky. Come, establish your new white homeland in Russia!

The American white supremacist, speaking at audience with Terre Blanche, out of the fax machine spun an invitation from Russian nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovsky. Come, establish your new white homeland in Russia!

But tonight, when the police confrontation—curiously dodging investigations of his own complicity in an ANC hit squad—appears on the television screen to announce, "We've arrested the brawns behind the bombings," the music is as low on old Terre Blanche. He bellows back, "The bombing's still coming! The Boer will fight! We are heading toward revolution, not toward peace and prosperity."

**O**NCE THE ELECTION IS OVER, you have about thirty seconds before the sun begins to explode. And if you've packed the streets of the cities, and with your hundred pounds of explosives hidden in the gold mines, where you've learned your plentiful trade, all wrapped in sturdy lead pipes, you'd better run like hell. That's enough explosive to level a few square blocks of downtown Johannesburg. As you run, you pass two white policemen, past a bus. You jump into a doorway and around the corner and up these blocks away until you first hear the blast. You did not expect the sound to be so beautiful, so like a symphony in the Sunday morning air. You listen to the echo for signs of soft targets—humans. The two cops are shot just instant, but a color scheme is dead, which means in your gut until you hear that the sun is ANC. You are at war, and, well, war is police, didn't even the affine native President de Klerk, who hunched over the country to the black communists without firing



SA Photo: Three commandos of armed farmers from Africa's winter war, Randfontein War, 1900.

a single shot—until he the one who and police isn't for some? Don't, but no does ambulances and cops still flying in the other direction. It was master if they catch you. Didn't know Steyn, a true right-wing parrot. Kill slaves before, and they gave low country—and before he killed them, didn't Steyn go up to the Hunsrucker Massacre, that testament to Afrikaner survival, and say, "Dear Lord if you don't want me to do this please give me a sign?" And then Steyn made his exit to God, just as you did this morning, in the name of the volkstaat, the white race, that this day might be an anniversary.

But light for photographers. Charred barricades, streets still smoldering. Neighborhoods of burned-out houses. In the past year, hundreds have been shot, hacked, burned, and maimed to death on these streets in tribal and police fighting—mostly between local ANC commandos and Zulus loyal to Butchela's Inkatha Freedom Party. Last week, twenty-seven were killed in a day good, right-winger's car, that black South Africans don't want peace.

Big Gun

Big camcorder, the lad says, waving us past.

Today, whitey with a camera is okay Today, whitey with a camera is cool. We drive on through a scorched no-go zone of charred structures that separates the ANC residents' houses and the burnable slums, some of which held several thousand men and women as Steve Biko's Carter ride shotgun, an illegal police officer pressed to his ear, listening to the cockpit talk in Afrikaans. We watch roadways for snipers at their usual posts. For all a quarrel this morning, Army troops in camouflage-around, stand guard along the dirt roads.

Instead of the familiar sit-up-and-shoot of AK-47's, we hear big coils and the rattle of Zulus, shields and trademark weapons held aloft, swinging up the hill from the horde, reward as a high warbling in the air. We drop to our knees, shooting pictures. Spearpoints mouth our chisel as the Zulu impala cross the ground, moving forward, warlike but patient. They are off to an audience fully occupied by the army camp. All had Chief Minister Gwala Butchela's call. Finally, in the eleventh hour, he has asked all Zulus to put aside their guns—at least for now—and vote Inkatha! In the front ranks, a male Zulu warrior wears a painted black bra. We laugh for the first time in days.

Krebs picks up a report on the corner. A bomb in downtown Johannesburg, a bomb from ANC headquarters, a hundred yards from my hotel. Welcome to the new South Africa. We've all seen bombs—no one goes off in the past month—but nothing has prepared us for this.

Two hundred pounds of explosive packed into a cream-colored Audi. Nine killed, mostly wounded. Flying shrapnel, several limbs, a blinded child. The wounded carried out ambulances as we drive. The Audi still sits on fire, upside down. Glass everywhere, rusty water pooling through the arena, reddened with blood. Bullet-weld shattered windows, ringing like two passengers in Jerry-Cochrane robes, dumb with shock, stand in awe of a corner massage parlor. I walk on, as if I know where I am going. Roads marking paths dig across it, leaders. A woman crochets in a corner. An angry black crowd pushes at the police barricades.

**M**AURICE MARITZ, legendary Afrikaner nationalist and former paper heavyweight-wrestling champion of the empire, has for this week converted his farm, an hour east of Pretoria, into a right-wing refugee colony, a rest stop for Afrikaner Resistance Movement members on the run.

It might be dangerous to show up unannounced at the Maritz farm on election eve, even days after the Johnsonising bombing, so I call. If there's one thing an Afrikaner respects, it's a drop with a sense of politeness. Maritz, who's as affable as an American who was no pounds heavier and a foot taller, invites me over for "soup with the Bloks."

Among the Bloks is Terrie Blanche, secretary general, Naso Proteus. Within hours, he will be arrested for allegedly masterminding this bombing campaign. But for now, he offers me a cigarette while a commando of thirty AWB soldiers lounge nearby in khaki uniforms with pistol attacks at their belts. Maritz shuffles shiny new worn-blade knives and a dozen shot-guns over the edge, focused. He is soft-spoken, married, and himself a farmer. Like most white males of his generation, he spent mandatory army service in the South African Defense Force on the southern border during the heyday of an official government paranoia called Total Onslaught, which blandly all-encompassed South Africa on communism seeping across the border.

A pack of buzzard dogs are sculling and rolling underfoot. Many periodically strew the lawn. Below we serve ourselves from giant bowls of soup and plates of wheat bread, the story-tale old Maritz—whose father was a general in the Anglo-Boer War and whose great-grandfather was one of the original settlers who led his white tribe into the Afrikaner interior—stirs us to have our heads in prayer. Invoking the Vow of Blood Rose, which “protected our last bastions” in their epic against the Zulus more than a century ago, Maritz asks God’s protection in the days of unknowing ahead. The vow reads: “Deliver our enemies into us.”

We take our bowls to the edge of the lawn and in the company of broken chickens, seven, several peacock, and a pair of ostriches, sit perched nearby. Primosko sits me about the size of the first bomb.

I say two hundred pounds, and Primosko shakily has head in it. “Surprised? Just do what I say.”

But there isn't a look of satisfaction in his eyes when I tell him about the bomb, which killed mostly blacks, instead, he seems a little queasy when I describe the severed hands and bloody fingers I saw on the pavement, and

how among the dead was a fifteen-year-old white schoolboy and a thirty-year-old white woman.

Maritz suggests that the bombs are a kind of warning—“while the rest of the world is apathetic over the decision, they show the real lesson. Small fates are everywhere, do you know what I mean?”

“Who do you think set these bombs?” Primosko asks. “Do you think it was the Zulus?”

A white man, I tell him, was seen running from the car before it exploded in Johannesburg, and another white was caught yesterday with explosives rigged in his car. The police say it's a right-wing conspiracy to disrupt the elections and have offered a half-million-dollar reward, hoping the money will attract a few unemployed right-wing citizens to sing.

Primosko knows far worse. “Anybody who goes to jail now will be targets. They'll throw away the keys.”

I never do see the maker of incendiary or the cache of incendiary bombs he has stored on the thousand-acre spread. Police sources tell me that such caches are buried on land held by other South Africans. The Maritz keeps insisting that this farm is not a permanent base but a refuge camp for terrified whites who don't feel safe in the city.

Year managing has become a national sport in South Africa, and for the AWB talk of the next year—the black threat—a useful rallying cry, it doesn't help that in the recent past isolated white farmers have been killed by black militiamen who claim, “One soldier, one bullet,” and “Kill the Boer.” At a closed meeting of the AWB’s leadership I attended a few nights back in Durban, on the Indian Ocean, the local general had revealed a top-secret defensive plan in anticipation of “two million blacks” living out of square camps with AWB-style “Code-named Operation Thunder,” the plan included crypto phone calls, deflected laser side beams, evasive routes, and, yes, instant “shop in the harbor.”

As I leave Maritz's farm, he is still overseeing preparations for the apocalyptic conversion that thousands of white refugees from Johannesburg will face. Two black workers—wearing a Big Country t-shirt as a rathskeller club—are living another massive soup pot off the back of a truck. He calls out to me. “We're out of our home in the plainland. We know our blacks—they're like family.”

**T**HREE HUNDRED AND four headquarters in Vrededorp, you cross the great fertile plateau of the Western Transvaal, through blossoming fields of maize and sunflowers. It was on this stretch of road one night last December that six AWB members, wearing stolen police uniforms, set up a fake roadblock and forced ten blacks from their cars at gunpoint, shooting them on the road and shooting them at point-blank range.

A CNN crew waits at the corner. After weeks of discussing the media, Terrie Blanche has invited journalists to join a two-hundred-car convoy of heavily armed AWB supporters who are heading to a rally fifty miles west, where he will talk about the arrest of the bombers. CNN is keeping for Blanche. “Do you know what AWB stands for?” the CNN commentator asks, grinning, out in the arms. “Afrikans Without Friends.” At AWB headquarters, a bunker of sandbags is stacked eight feet high around the entrance, and steel and metal slats down to defuse grenades and pistol bombs. A large sign, in green letters, is taped to the outside wall: REWARD METAL! AWB grants full press, and as we approach them, I am reminded of the Zulu king Dingane

screaming, “Kill the Wizards!” before he slaughtered the party of whites he'd invited to his land in 1820.

At noon, the church bells toll, and the convoy heads north out of Vrededorp, bearded men in khaki uniforms, on the backs of trucks, some wearing no masks, shotgun held high. The CNN crew races ahead to get a long shot. I get a flat tire, which I fix with the help of a Japanese television crew and we are left off from the main convoy, which had been given military status. We crawl a hill and find our car surrounded by a dozen group of AWB’s Wethommando, the Victory Command. They sing praises when they leap from their pickup and begin shooting at us with rifles with rifle hoses, trying to sing us off. They are especially intent on hitting the Japanese in the rear car from behind but the TV crew accelerates onto the shoulder and speeds away. The snarling Wethommando ram their rifles into me. The barrel of a pump-action shotgun points against my window, continues from my face. Our guns are barking. Another masked soldier jumps onto my hood, crochets with his RN assault rifle. You take a power! Kill! If you like my clothes under the seat and put my hands up. I can feel your hand off! I drive on, dogged by shrapnel the whole way. At the ridge below Terrie Blanche is introduced, a black reporter from the New York Daily News is beaten and checked out. The AWB crowd, drivers, and journalists who now call themselves Terrie Blanche supporters,打算 to walk out but don't. CNN leads the evening news with “Terrie Blanche shooting his familiar refrain that the bombings will continue. “We will use any means and ways to keep our people free and independent in the farmland, which my ancestors paid in millions of blood and tears and the bodies of our children.”

**T**HREE THIRTY-FIVE suspected bombers, including Primosko, are in jail for three weeks before coming up for their trial hearing at the Magistrate Court in Johannesburg. At the hearing, the defendants are not charged or accused. They come in jackets, denim, lace-ups. Their heads shake, a few smile. They all strike matches and smoke. The gallery is packed with wives and family.

The courtroom is set so different from the one where Nelson Mandela, then a young lawyer and head of the ANC's military wing, stood in 1961 at his famous treason trial and made his case for a campaign of violent resistance against the apartheid state before being sent away to prison for twenty-seven years.

Rarity of the accused are members of the AWB's clan Iron Guard, a unit made mostly of former South African special forces experts, many of whom have explosives training; four are members of the AWB's Wethommando, eight are regular AWB members. A police colonel testifies that the accused were also planning to detonate a V-bomb at Jomo Kenyatta airport on the day of Mandela's inauguration. (The bomb that devastated the World Trade Center in New York was a much that size.) The confounded evidence includes assault rifles, machine guns, molotov, 90 pounds of explosives, stolen cars, false registration plates, name plates, and a black wig. The police admit they had no clear idea, and twenty-one escaped and are still on the run.

This will be the largest right-wing trial in South African history and its procedures are governed by a new bill of rights. Under the apartheid legal system, thirty thousand blacks were detained without trial, often for months or years, and confessions were routinely coerced through torture as torture left prisoners dead or maimed. Restricted now to interrogating prisoners in the company of lawyers, the colored admissions of the defendants have not been forthcoming. The suspected AWB bombers are now over the dock, kissing wives and girlfriends. The defense attorney bows to the judge, then addresses the state's chief witness:

But how, colonel, do you know it was them?

Well, sir, the bombings have stopped.

The thirty-two accused bombers sitting on benches before the judge do not look so much different from a photo



“The most racist and most evil” Andrew Primosko from Bloemfontein, Republica, South Africa

photographs of Boer commandos who fought British rule nearly a century ago. Add a few pipes, string ties, and carbine belts over the shoulders, and these are the avoid farmers whose collective will the might of the British empire couldn't shatter. This gallery of rogues descends from Boer farmers who invented the commando, small, quick-mob tactics of surprise and harassment where farmers attack British supply lines prolong a war in Africa that had whites rolling wheels. And even back then, the Boers were explosives experts, blowing up bridges, sabotaging waterworks. The British suffered staggering losses to these farmers, finally resorting to the ultimate scorched-earth policy of burning farmland and massacring Boer women, children, and old men in concentration camps. Twenty thousand perished in the camps. Even as the Boer War ended in defeat for the Afrikaners, massacring commandos refused to concede. Those Boers came to be known as the bandos.

**T**HERE ARE MORE than forty violent right-wing organizations active in South Africa, and though the AWB is the most notorious, even looking up its leadership would not stop future bingo—or so most experts believe. In the days before Mandela's inauguration while Terrie Blanche's men were in jail, twelve hundred pounds of explosives were stolen from a gold mine. (About fifty-five thousand tons of commercial explosives are manufactured in South Africa each year. Most of it is destined for the gold mines, which have become the training ground for bombers.)

The Boer Republican Army, another right-wing splinter group, numbering perhaps two hundred, is well known to the police as a bombing organization. Andrew Ford, leader of the IRA, arranged to meet me one midnight at his rural hideout, and when Ford and his dogs greet me at the end of



The scene of the right-wing Minibus ANC soldier's death for whom before being arrested.

a dirt road, he let me know that I've been tracked by radio and infrared goggles since running off the asphalt a couple miles back. He refuses to take credit for the scene below, but admits that he has issued a general directive for his men to go after "soft targets." He doesn't believe the bodies were set by Terre Blanche's people, whom he finds "too defensive for my taste." His own group, he says, believes that "one must attack one's enemy."

The Boer Republic Army recruits as military intelligence tell me, works like the IRA, in cells of three or five. Cells do not know each other, and soldiers are known only by numbers. If a soldier gets caught, he can take out only his cell. And in one of the more cynical right-wing plays, the BRA has trained units of recently handicapped боевики.

Ford will not be satisfied until "every house, every block, every town" becomes "a boot camp in the war." The enemy is not just blacks, but also whites, especially those, such as de Klerk, who have betrayed the oak. Ford pledges that what happened and happens will be future targets. "We're going to hit the big companies because it will those our people out of work and they don't will fight. If you take away the whites' luxuries, they'll have to fight. We train across that we're in a war."

**T**HREE BEARDED ANGELIC soldiers, hands up, stand near the schwartzenstein, pleading for someone to call a field ambulance. He was wounded, unarmed. Behind him, entrenched on the fascia board of their blue Mercedes, a companion was blasting to death. The four doors of the Mercedes were wide open, windows smashed by bullets. Another soldier sprawled in the dirt, face down, already dead. A howling black soldier crossed in front of the photographs, pointed his R-5 rifle

at the white men's thick torsos, fired two shots, and proceeded to the other men, executing them also.

The bearded man's name was Abeyo Wollard, and in the final weeks before the elections, his execution—broadcast on television around the world—symbolized the agony of the right-wing Afrikaner. The anguish remains central in the gallery of Afrikaner fears, as I found in the diary of a young Afrikaner woman, who told me she'd saved a news photo of the execution, along with these words:

"We're going to be like this. We're going to plead for our lives. It's going to be like a holocaust. It's going to be 'They cut off the boer's head and drew to smile.'"

In addition to what led to the execution, which shockingly killed any hope of a unified right wing, I pay a visit to one of the most decorated generals in South Africa's history, Constand Viljoen, a man flagged Terre Blanche has "a political Judas gear set to lead us to slaughter." They had once been allies in a broad movement called the Freedom Front, which had threatened a partition right-wing coup. The plan had been for AWB regulars and Viljoen, who claimed twenty thousand loyalists in the South African Army, to take a white homeland by force.

But after a botched military excursion to "liberate" the black homeland of Bophuthatswana ended in defeat, with Afrikaners being captured, Viljoen instead withdrew from the alliance, calling "Terre Blanche and her unrepentant men" instead. He regressed a deal with the ANC, effectively splitting the right wing. The ANC's agreement with the Freedom Front called for "substantial government support" in the elections to continue negotiations around the idea of self-determination, including the concept of a "colony." Speaking with a sullen voice and an iron fist, Viljoen threatened to subdue his forces even on the eve of signing the accord. Other right-

wingers thought him naive and a sellout. Terre Blanche privately averred that Viljoen had been played by de Klerk to destroy the right wing all along.

When I visited Viljoen, he'd just won a seat in Parliament and two hundred thousand votes for his beloved collection. Backed by those votes, he was hoping to propose boundaries for a homeland, but the problem was that some of the areas he was hoping for had voted overwhelmingly ANC. He still clearly hadn't figured out what to do with blacks. For example, how would black residents be compensated for moving out of the collection, and what would be the rights of blacks who chose to stay, and if any did choose to stay, wouldn't that defeat the very purpose of a white state? He admitted that these were questions he hadn't yet worked through. And though in theory whites might like the idea of a colony, why would they give up houses and jobs and beachcomber property in move to the dusty frontier? "We are only asking for some piece of land that is ours," he answered, "even if we don't live there." And he conceded to me that the collection could have been taken by force before the elections, although he admits his soldiers could not have held it for more than two weeks.

Viljoen's right-hand strategists, Frits Malde, admitted to me that "the inflation [the state] made too much of apartheid for Mandela's nose, but were thinking five, ten, fifteen years down the road, and Mandela won't be here but the forces for self-determination will be just look at Botswana—the grain melting pot doesn't work."

**T**HE SCENE INSIDE the Soweto stadium, a victory celebration, is a right-wing's worst nightmare: seventy thousand arming ANC comrades, feet pounding, arms swinging, as incandescent light seemed tribal smoke pens to end the stadium of civil strife and bring the Old Man, symbol, the incoming president, who steps now in a bright yellow shirt, onto a makeshift stage in the middle of the soccer field, baton purring the air. The undulating, surging, hands-to-the-heavens crowd sings out his name in praise, one great chorus of "bold that night—longer-than-ever—Mandela." And then from this side of the stadium, from over there, a valley of gunshots cuts the air. The Spear of the Nation honor guard, in camouflage uniforms, are leopard crawling across the field—dash, dive, dash, dive, rolling. The panthers contain, harness as fireworks, and the crowd erupts each sharp pop with a resounding cheer. The Mandela, surrounded by bodyguards is not amused. He announces in a stern voice that "certain elements have undermined our organization, and I will not have it." The crowd hushes and sits down on the concrete steps of the stadium. "If we find out who they are, we will expel them from the ANC."

And now the young comrades have come to Mandela's most notorious lecture. Robert McBride, sharp lip trembling in confused anger. The Old Man had insulted them.

Mandela, who is of mixed race—in South Africa's new politically correct lingo a "so-called colored"—is a hero to these kids. He was sent to death row in 1976 for a bomb he planted under orders from the armed wing of the ANC. The bomb exploded at a nightclub in Durban, killing three whites and injuring sixty others. He was released in 1990 as part of an amnesty swap that also freed Thabo Mbeki, the white no-Nero who led eleven blacks to a shooing spot in Panama in 1989.

Now McBride, a candidate for the Johannesburg provincial parliament, wearing a pristine suit, stands outside the Soweto stadium, capping his hands in a kind of holding a bird. "Mr. Mandela is like a little chick," McBride explains. "Between now and the elections, we must protect him. After the elections, you can worry him."

"But why did you condemn us like that in public?"

"When you are a leader, it is difficult," you will understand," McBride, who is only thirty, says, leaning over and patting his soft Afro. "Look at this guy in his hair."

He tells me that the ANC has received intelligence reports that right-wing mercenaries, or blacks hired by the right wing, are out to assassinate Mandela, and the young comrades, who have been on the front lines with rocks, rifles and fiery molotovs for the past decade, nod soberly. "We are tired," he says, "show that we are disciplined."

Mandela has asked his constituency to allow all their gates into the sea. Instead, they've been burned. Every one remembers where his gun is.

"We've all become quite damaged by what's come before," McBride tells me later. "One became accustomed to dying on streets every day. People carrying guns. Ordinary people become soldiers." Youths became comrades. Violence and intolerance became the order of the day. If you raise children with guns, it's hard to put guns down."

**O**N THE DAY the piled right-wingers had allegedly planned—the greatest explosion in South Africa's history—the five-ton airport bomb—Nelson Mandela stood at the historic magistracy, the Voortrekker Monument was wailed on a distant hill above Pretoria, a towering effigy bearing silent witness. After the ceremony I went to the memorial—the Afrikaner hub of holes, which depicts death on massive stones the great trek and the subsequent battles that led those early Afrikaners, the tribe of Afrika, to see themselves as God's chosen people. When I pulled up to the monument, I found a closed, all the doors locked. The grounds were being guarded by a platoon of black soldiers. They had been sleeping in the rough scrub grass at the base of the monument all week. To me, they said, it would be open for business again.

Terre Blanche was back on his feet and I followed so that he was carrying his banner, worrying about how to pay the bills, and waiting, always waiting, for the day the police would come to pick him up. Nico Pistorius remained in prison, and sometime in August—short winter in South Africa—he trial will start. The police say they have a strong case, but Pistorius, shaking my hand in the dock at the courthouse on my last day in South Africa, and he was confident. The judge has declared that if they are found guilty, he will show no mercy. But if Pistorius and his fellow right-wing soldiers are found not guilty, it will be a consequence of the bill of rights that has been enshrined in the new South African constitution, the same constitution that they so violently opposed, at least in word, if not in deed.

And on the first working day of the new South African Parliament, President Mandela confronted business in Afrikaans—the language of his former oppressor, which he had mastered while in prison. And even General Viljoen, now the official leader of the conservative opposition in Parliament, was moved to tears.

Four astonishing events  
in four fast weeks, as recalled by  
four faces in the crowd

# THE SUMMER OF '69

THEY WERE AMONG the biggest brand-name moments in what still ranks as one of the hottest-selling decades in American history, events of such resonance that only the limitations of the language keep all of them from being known by single names: Chappaquiddick, Manson, Woodstock, The Moon Landing. Cultural events are rare enough, especially those that reverberate a quarter century later. (Think about it: Could Diane Sawyer have devoted the first program of *Turning Point* to Sputnik? Is there any chance of there being even one Altamont reunion concert?) What is almost unfathomable is that these four events happened within twenty-eight days, as though the Sixties, the decade whose most enduring legacy is our appetite for the shockeroo, couldn't bow out without an eye-popping climax. Of course, what's often best about epic events is that they have casts of thousands, all with stories of their own.

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## ACTRESS AND 4 SLAIN IN RITUAL



Sharon  
Tate  
Among  
Victims

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## TRAFFIC UPTIGHT AT HIPPIEFEST



# The Moon Landing

BY ELIZABETH KAYE

**I**N MY PARTICULAR CROWD, space flights were regarded as an exhausted nation's pathetic attempt to feel better about itself in the wake of losing both the war on poverty and the war in Vietnam. These losses had applied a knife agony to everybody—each or poor, his wrong or right—and as we ate it, space exploration was a ludicrous diversion with the ulterior purpose, it seemed, of making Walter Cronkite happy. On that July night, Mr. Cronkite was very happy.

I was in a shabby neighborhood bar on West Eighth-Fifth Street in Manhattan when the Apollo 11 astronauts touched down. The room was full of half-drunk people who had gathered to laugh but found themselves oddly moved by the sight of men on the moon, of Neil Armstrong and the other guy whose name would be so hard to remember that "Who was the second man on the moon?" later became a popular question.

Eight years after the Apollo 11 landed, I attended a press conference whose subject was the second man on the moon, Colossal Edward E. "Buzz" Aldrin, and his recent recovery from an extended bout with alcoholism.

"When you returned from the moon," a reporter asked, "did you feel that your life had reached its penultimate stage? That there were no challenges to greet you, no oceans to cross, no mountains to climb?"

The colossal had fragranced blue eyes. But he could muster a hero's dignity. "No," he said.

I got to know Colossal Aldrin after that. He had, back then, a part-time job selling cars, which suggested a great deal about the levels of heroism in general and those of the colossus in particular. In his less forties, he was driving, uncentered, early returns from the Air Force having deprived him of his principal area of competence. Now he was left to display his Apollo 11 ring to strangers, to drive two feet in a Honda emblemblazoned with a bumper sticker that read DEPERS DO IT BETTER, and to spend evenings with his planarians, seated on the couch of his dimly lit ground-level

apartment, pointing out the stars with an illuminated arrow.

A divided man, gruff and sweet, poorpoised and unsure, he had devolved into the kind of American celebrity whose future lay in game shows and ceremonial functions. On hand for the return of Apollo flights, seated in the reviewing stand for the space shuttle's landing, he always looked around in that faint way that people do when they have been celebrated and renowned and wonder if anyone remembers them.

Buzz Aldrin seemed unhappy, and I assumed that this was because he had an love knowing that his last days were behind him. When he'd lost his proverbial fitness measure of fame, the measures of the world stood angry, at various of every nation were transmuted by the vision of two creatures who seemed neither men nor machine gabbling on the moon. They had jumped and danced and then returned to earth, where they were met with cheers and motorcycles and confetti, and they could be forgiven if they failed to remember that many are granted their time in the sun, and that this next ends well is someone else's race.

But even in his own measure of glee, Buzz Aldrin had been disappointed, for he was supposed to have been first on the moon until NASA switched the assignments at the last minute. Thus, his public glory was a private deficit, though he found a way to redress that grievance.

Both astronauts were given cameras, and both were supposed to photograph each other as they leaped and frolicked around Tranquility Base. The did. But then Colossal Aldrin let his camera on the moon, so that the on-camera photographs of an armature on the lunar surface were those Amazing took of him, an elegant revenge that comes to mind whenever I hear the term passive-aggressive.

Eventually I lost track of Colossal Aldrin, though as the years passed, I would hear about him from friends. I heard that he was married. I heard that he had a face-lift. But I never heard whether he was able to make peace with the fact that life could never offer him another moment like those twenty minutes when he danced on the moon, and the entire world stopped what it was doing to watch him dance.

I was standing naked and drooping in the hallway, listening to my old boyfriend Peter sing with a note of "get ready" in his voice, "Did you hear the news?"

"News? What news?"

We were all enthralled, under a spell of peace and love and LSD that we thought had changed the world. In those days people might drop by for one visit, get hung up on some transformational conversation, and wind up staying for the whole day or three weeks and then leaving for different skins, other adventures. And it was going to last forever.

We were all under the same spell, but still had always been paranoid in the went and most omnious way, about not only of the West Hollywood Sheriff's Department but also of "joy"—of "scenes," of the kinds of orgies, of too much



July 20: Colossal Aldrin dances.

happening on drags, of girls who lost their heads. I knew people like that, their minds wiped clean by some acid/pepsi combination that left them standing rigid with teeth screaming down their faces, and I was afraid of being one of them, dropped off at the UCLA psychiatric clinic.

I couldn't smoke a joint without hearing the West Hollywood Sheriff's Department locking down the door. I couldn't be high without knowing that cops five miles away could pull over and come to beat me. Everyone said, "Well, my LSD, can't be图案ed on that!" But I was.

Still on the phone, I ran to my front door and locked it. "Why would anyone do that to Sharon Tate?" I asked.

I had seen Sharon Tate only once, on Route 190 at the Cafe de Paris, a vision of such loveliness, and yet somehow this incredible girl hadn't protected her—nothing had protected any of them. My friend M, a taker who made snide dashes for Sharon and Sharon Robotic, had been up to their house on Cielo Drive with her husband, and she said, "Some weird kind of evil filtration stuff was going on between them and us. My husband was reading with Sharon, and I never wanted to go back up there again."

All we heard the rumors of European movie types picking up hatchbacks, tying them up, firing them—whips, sodomy, and strange young girls who'd go along with anything just to be there. Into this vacuum of freedom, an ex-con-convict named Charles had wandered and worked out a system where he would be God, a son, and if that didn't work, then...there was always plane B.

After the tellings, Roman Polanski, who knew a thing or two about wickedness, said, "If I'm looking for a movie, I'd look for something that doesn't fit your habitual standards—something much more far-out."

It took a short time for the police to figure out what had happened: (innumerable girls' tragic decapitates take their



August 2: Charles makes a big.

my morning cookies and coffee when I looked down and saw Carly, but I figured giving her a cookie would be the poem

As we were learning about Manson, going out at night in your car because, for women, a scary adventure. Once those pictures of him and his family started appearing on the front page, hatchbacks could no longer depend on people as they had in the kiosks of days of old: everything.

My friend Sandra Sharpe said me, "One night, I was up in the hills on this winding and desolate road, rounding a bend, when this guy jumped out from behind a bush, waving a flag. And I just stared. And then two more guys with bandanas waving ragged out and yelled at me, and I put my foot on the gas really hard, went around the curve, and drove straight into a movie being filmed. I practically crashed into the bullet!"

The hatchback had fled in the night. The charm had broken, we had heard the screams, and they were ours

he was singing. He repeated the melody to the police the next morning, just after the car had been discovered.

A few days after Kennedy's assassination, my boss, Colom Elliott, told me to send an investigative report to Chappaquiddick. I told him that whatever was on vacation. You need to be an investigative reporter." Elliott pointedly suggested, "Why don't you snap yourself?"

AS SOON AS I GOT OFF THE PLANE, I knew I wanted to be alone anywhere except on that stony island. The summer had been very chilly, and the accident only added to a gloomy atmosphere. I also hated coming in last on a story, I figured the bonus had been picked clean.

Fortunately, *Newsweek* correspondent Jayne Brinsley was at her summer home on the Vineyard and knew the territory. We took the ferry from Edgartown to Chappaquiddick. I saw that a good swimmer could swim the channel, and I swam one for Kennedy. We then drove from the ferry landing to the party cottage, looked around, then headed to the intersection where Kennedy and he had made a wrong turn. It was there that the first double hit.

The paved, two-lane road to the ferry curved sharply to the left. I had to make a go-degree turn to the right to get on the narrow dirt road leading to the ledge. This deflated me, not the high-

# The Manson Murders

BY EVE BABITZ

**I**N THE BATH when the phone rang in the Spanish duplex where I lived alone in the heart of West Hollywood, surrounded by hippies, rock stars, dealers, and others who clung to dreams of making it—by at least of never having to return home to Arizona or Seattle or wherever they lived there and thought that perhaps they might someday be invited to Cielo Drive, to be under the night skies with the pros.

I was standing naked and drooping in the hallway, listening to my old boyfriend Peter sing with a note of "get ready" in his voice, "Did you hear the news?"

"News? What news?"

We were all enthralled, under a spell of peace and love and LSD that we thought had changed the world. In those days people might drop by for one visit, get hung up on some transformational conversation, and wind up staying for the whole day or three weeks and then leaving for different skins, other adventures. And it was going to last forever.

We were all under the same spell, but still had always been paranoid in the went and most omnious way, about not only of the West Hollywood Sheriff's Department but also of "joy"—of "scenes," of the kinds of orgies, of too much



July 18: Young Senator Kennedy takes a fall.

way?" Joyce understandably observed as the car bounced as it went over a washboard. Clearly a driver had to know he had made a wrong turn.

It was also clear how someone could drive off Dyke Bridge. Barely wide enough for one car and without guardrails, it was angled at a steep upward pitch, as you crested, you saw sky instead of road. The churning waters below were dark and menacing, and we knew that something terrible had happened there. I felt sad for Mary Jo Kopechne and for Senator Kennedy. I also felt another flush of doubt.

This was not a hasty, deserved spot; there were several houses near the bridge and along the road. I decided to use the old technique I first learned as a police reporter in Chicago: re-create everything exactly as the person said it happened, and see what you get.

That night, Joyce and I mimed Kennedy's route. Turning from the highway onto Dyke Bridge Road was harder

after dark. I had to come to a complete stop. The bridge, too, was harder to navigate, and for a second I thought we were going over the side. I got out, and while Joyce drove back to the cottage, I repeated Kennedy's 1 1/2-mile trek. From the moment I left the bridge, when I crossed a beam of light shining from a house only twenty feet away, until I was a block from the cottage and saw a red light gleaming from the roof of the Chappaquiddick Volunteer Fire Department, I saw places where Kennedy could have gone off.

I kept talking to people, including the police chief, Dennis Arens. He said he would have expected a senator to cooperate, but Kennedy left after writing a brief statement. Not until Kennedy appeared on television, Arens said, did he hear the details of the event.

The story was headlined A WALK IN CHAPPAQUIDDICK, and it drew a lot of attention. Since Kennedy had been dead it was a personal attack, anti-Kennedy forces used it to support wild theories about what had happened. Both were wrong.

## Woodstock

BY ANNE BEATTES

**A**ugust 15, 1969, was going to be my wedding day. We'd booked the synagogue and arranged to get the flowers from the previous wedding at half price. Then he broke it off. I'd been engaged twice to the same guy. Once I'd broken it off and now he had. So I guess we were even. Only I didn't find even like brotherhood, or as we used to say, on a major hurricane.

The ad for Woodstock prompted "those days of peace and music in the country." You didn't have to be Marshall McLuhan to read the subtext: lengthened, delayed, snarled, snare-trap grooves on the music that was going to stop the war and change the world. It sounded good to me, especially since the alternative was three days of rage and depression in my apartment.

On Friday my friend Sean's estranged wife, Norrie, called me up to what I remember as a Volkswagen bug. We packed up my friend, Chele, and a surprise addition to the party, her Hurricane emergency guru, the rock wulf, and headed south from Montreal.

By the time we got to Woodstock, we were half a million strong, sitting in a sea of mud. The big bad hell broken down, and the rock wulf had swallowed a tub of something sometimes had handed her and was experiencing what the Hog Farm's Hugh Romney used to call a "heeb voyage." My friends took one look around and decided they were leaving.

I and I wasn't. Because I knew if I left I would never the luxury-making rock event of the decade and regret it forever! No. I stayed because no way was I going back to blossom to face my feelings about getting dumped on my way to the star.

So I found myself alone in the crowd, with my backpack and my Cheape. I was grooving to Ravi Shankar when the mess came. I made fast friends with a guy with a mustache. I told him I had a broken heart and couldn't

even think about sex, but was it okay if I showed—alone?

He said okay and then tried to climb in with me. The possibility of rape never occurred to me. I was just happy he hadn't been licking. In those days, "no" almost never meant no. I grabbed my clothes and ran out into the rain. Farther down the road, I found an old chicken coop and joined a sleeping occupant.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny. I felt strangely peaceful, my rage washed away by the storm. And we were listening to music in the country if your idea of the country is thousands of half-walked bodies loafing in a muddy field dotted with Ron-is-Born. I literally stumbled across a hairy-haired, nonbelieving boy from New York City who shared his mosquito and sleeping bag, no strings attached. Together we watched the sun come up as Roger Daltrey sang, "Romney, can you hear me?" Even in our mediocre-distracted imaginations, there was no room for the idea that what we were hearing was a future Broadway show tune.

It was Sunday morning, and I had to get back to work on Monday. So I walked down the rows of cars, found one with a Quebec license plate, and sat on it until the owners came back. Thus, the car had a license plate, but nobody in it had a driver's license—just a lot of illegal substances. But somehow we made it over the border without mishap. I didn't see my Good Samaritans again until the opening night of Easy Rider that fall.

I never did get married. My two-time ex-fiance has married—and divorced—since then. I don't know if the same stomach ailment that caused me to stand ankle-deep in mud and say, "I'm not leaving" has made a harder for me to find a life partner. All I know is, there are More Tugos's farm, I feel I was standing on some kind of edge. So I packed off. I chose to go forward alone into the unknown adventure instead of back with my friends to the safe comforts of home. Twenty five years later, I'm going to Woodstock II. This time, though, I'll get my own motel room. ■



August 16: A weary druggy returns to town



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# THE SKINNY ON WORKING OUT



**What to do when it's crunch time**

BY GARY TAUBES

**F**OR ALL THE EFFORT aimed at designing perfect diets over the years, the reality is they don't work. When you curtail your caloric intake, your body, alarmingly fearing a famine, responds by dramatically slowing your metabolism rate. Severe diets can cut your metabolism by almost half, meaning you'll burn only half the calories. The more often you launch into a new diet, the more severely your metabolism slows and the

sooner it is to regain the weight when you return to your gluttonous ways. The effect is known familiarly as yo-yoing. In one study, rats required twice as long to lose the same weight during a second bout of dieting and almost a third as long to put a lock on.

The theory is that your body has a set point, a weight or body-fat percentage at which it feels most comfortable, and that a central nervous system holds deep within the lateral hypothalamus of your brain wires to keep this set point. Only a few things can shift lower its meteors, amphetamines, and exercise. We recommend exercise.

body mass. Having more than 35 percent is considered obese; 15 percent is average. About 3 percent is what's called essential fat, which is fat in the nerves, spinal cord, brain, and cell membranes, as well as the kidneys and other organs for which it serves as padding. The remainder offers protection against the cold and a place to store excess calories until they're needed, or even if they're not.

Your body fat percentage is a much better indicator of your overall health than is your weight. Because muscle is 35 percent denser than fat, you can be fit and well muscled and be categorized as obese in standard weight-versus-height charts. If you combine endurance training with weight lifting, you will lose fat and gain muscle mass. You will look slimmer and be in better shape, but you'll weigh more. Such is life.

#### PART I: THE BODY IN QUESTION, OR THE PROBLEM AT HAND

**S**O, HOW MUCH OF YOUR SHOULD YOU BE slapping around? Let's take an inventory. As you are an average adult male, fat, known in medical lingo as adipose tissue, makes up somewhere between 17 and 25 percent of your

muscle mass comes in two forms: fast-twitch and slow-twitch. The former contract rapidly and are used to generate speed and power. They exhaust quickly when working at maximum capacity—usually within a couple of minutes—but they also recover quickly. Slow

Maurice Vellekoop

AUGUST 1994 • ESQUIRE 91

#### What It Takes

If a Quarter Pounder with cheese has 325 calories, this is how long it will take 175-pound men to burn them off doing the following activities:

**Roadwalking** 10 minutes

**Biking (various speeds)** 10 minutes

**Playing poker** 4 hours

**Lifting free weights** 10 minutes

**Tennis (singles)** 40 minutes

**Gardening** 100 minutes

**Shopping (grocery store, fast food)** 22 minutes

**Rest** 1 hour

**Shopping** 100 minutes

**Cooking** 12 hours

**Playing cards** 10 hours

**Swimming** 100 minutes

**Reading a short novel** 100 minutes

**Rest** 100 minutes

**Cross-country skiing (third zone, flat)** 100 minutes

**Swimming the breaststroke** 400 minutes

**Breaking water fast** 400 minutes

**Walking** 60 minutes

**Writing** 10 hours

**Lying down** 10 hours

**Swimming the butterfly** 100 minutes





## Now About Those Steely Abs

Your abdominal, better known as your stomach muscle, can not only make you look in shape when you're not, but provides the stabilization and power for virtually every type of exercise and sporting activity. They transfer force from the upper body to the lower, and the rectus abdominus—the weatherboard when firmly tensed—is the prime mover of your spinal column. The stronger your abdominals, the less likely you are to have back problems.

Abdominal should be worked in every session. But forget your old P.E. classes and bag the sit-up, which has long since vanished from the repertoire of amateur physiologists. It's been replaced by the crunch, which provides a better abdominal workout with less stress on your legs and back. (Ignore the inclined sit-up boards as well. Even if you look



your knees over the end, which is how most books are now taught, you're pulling with your calves and hamstrings, which are doing work your abs should be doing.)

But by concentrating on raising your left shoulder off the floor as far as you can go, then do ten from the right side.

2. Do twenty more straight with your knee up, which causes your thighs are vertical; your knees are bent and your feet are off the floor.

3. Do twenty more of you can still move with your leg straight, pulling upward and crossed at the ankles.

4. You might do the last twenty with a bending right leg, bringing your left knee toward your chest, then your left shoulder toward your right knee.



5. The repeat down, from resting.

6. Then do ten with your left side out by pulling the left elbow up.

The Head And Shoulders

Lie on your back. Lift your head, shoulders, and neck off the floor, keeping your arms straight. This will automatically cause your trunk to arch up off the floor. Your trunk should come up only about halfway, and it should not tip at all and your arms remain above the mouth the mouth should be straight.

The Head And Shoulders

Stand for five sets of twenty with thirty-second rest between each set. As your abdominal gets fit enough you will happen quickly and another hundred.

E. Start with twenty straight crunches, plus

Pyramid training. For each exercise, you increase weight with each successive repetition. Start at a weight with which you can do twenty repetitions; then add ten pounds, do fifteen reps; add ten pounds, do ten reps; add ten more, do four reps. Then subtract ten pounds and go until failure, and subtract ten more and go until failure.

Trigone drops. Use a weight so heavy that you can do no more than four reps. Then drop the weight to prevent and do as many as possible. Then drop another 10 percent and again do as many as possible.

## PLATEAU BLUES

Arcide from sweat, blisters, and dirty workout attire, exercising regularly comes with its own downside: You're lifting basically and aimlessly all day. You're lifting basically and aimlessly for hours on end, but you've ceased to notice improvement. Welcome to the plateau. You have three nonpharmaceutical options:

- Find a new source. Switch from running to, say, boxing, or focus switchingly to strength.
- If you're not one for switching gear, do interval training, in which you intensely overload your muscles for short periods of time, then rest while your muscles cool and recuperate; you receive them do a repeat. Interval training will discipline your fast oxidative glycolytic muscle fibers, which usually run anaerobically, to use oxygen and improve their aerobic capacity. The result will be increased aerobic efficiency and a higher aerobic threshold, which means you'll be able to work out more intensely without getting winded.

The key is alternating between rest and intense effort. For instance, on a stationary bike, pedal as fast as you can for thirty seconds, then pedal slowly for another thirty. Repeat the pattern five times. Many exercise bikes with computerized controls have interval training programs built in, though they tend to be less intense than you might want. As you get accustomed to interval training, increase the length of the intervals by thirty seconds a week. Your rest time between intervals should be between thirty seconds and a minute; depending on how long it takes your heart rate to drop below 120 beats a minute.

## THE FAIR NEWS

Take a mere two weeks off from working out and you'll lose a significant portion of what you've gained. After one to three months of inactivity, you'll lose 10 percent, and by seven months, it will be gone, so the experts say. On the other hand, if you cut your workouts

MATT ZANG

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## HE TOOK US TO

The historic conquest of the Moon behind him, no one would have blamed Buzz Aldrin for resting on his accomplishments. But now, 25 years

## THE MOON. NOW

after that historic Moon walk, Buzz Aldrin is still flying high. With the same fervor that President Kennedy displayed in getting the United States

## HE WANTS TO

get to orbit, Buzz Aldrin is痴狂于探索 for Mars. So he won't actually be on the launching pad that year—but if we do get to the

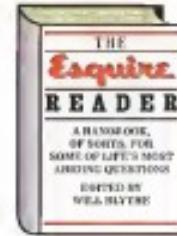
## CONQUER MARS.

next planet, Buzz Aldrin likes and imagines myself indeed to be the rocket fuel that will, like inventors "The Mars Cycler," a spacecraft system which may make perpetual flight between Earth and Mars a reality. And just last year he received a patent for the permanent space station he designed. As the Ellesse Spokes-Astronaut, we salute the continued achievements of a man who is Uncommon. Unparalleled. And Unlike the Rest. Like the Ellesse shirt and apparel he wears, he continues to reach for the stars and beyond. And that kind of dedication comes along once in a blue Moon.

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This month:  
Alberto  
Eco  
Elizabeth  
Wurtzel  
Edward  
Abbey  
William  
Velissaris

# How to Recognize a Porn Movie

BY UMBERTO ECO

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE EVER happened to see a pornographic movie. I don't mean a movie with some erotic content, a movie like *La Tazza di Satana*, for example, though even that, *Treasure*, for many people might be offensive. No, what I mean is genuine porno flicks, whose sole aim is to stimulate the spectator's desire, from beginning to end, and in such a way that while this desire is stimulated by scenes of various and varied populations, the rest of the story counts for less than nothing.

Magicians are often required to decide whether a like is purely pornographic or has artistic value. I am not one of those who insist that artistic value surpasses everything; sometimes works of art have more dangerous—to look at, to behavior, to common opinion—than works of lesser value. But I believe that consenting adults have the right to consume

pornographic material, at least for want of anything better. I recognize, however, that on occasions a court must decide whether a film has been produced for the purpose of expressing certain concepts or aesthetic ideals (even through scenes that offend the worshiped moral views) or whether it was made for the sole purpose of arousing the spectator's passions.

Well, there is a criterion for deciding whether a film is pornographic, and it is based on the calculation of wasted time. A great, universal film masterpiece, *Stagecoach*, takes place solely and entirely (except for the beginning, a few brief intervals, and the finale) on a stagecoach. But without this journey, the film would have no meaning. Antonioni's *L'Avventura* is made up solely of wasted time. People come and go, talk, get lost, and are found, without anything happening. This wasted time may or may not be enjoyable, but it is exactly what the film is about.

A pornographic movie, on the contrary, to justify the price of the ticket or the purchase of the camera, tells us



Novelist, philosopher, historian, literary critic, and aesthetician, Umberto Eco has finally decided to tackle some of modern life's more profound issues—such as how to talk about animals, how to be a TV host, how to eat in flight, and how not to use a fax machine. His miniature essays on these and similar subjects will be included in the aptly titled *How to Travel with a Sphynx*, out this autumn from Harcourt Brace. Born in 1932 in Alessandria, Italy, Eco lives in Milan. He is the author of *The Name of the Rose* and *Foucault's Pendulum*.

that certain people couple sexually—men with women, men with men, women with women, women with dogs or stallions [I might point out that there are no pornography films in which men couple with men and bitches]. Why not? And that would all be all right, but it is full of wasted time.

If Gilbert, in order to rape Gilbertron, has to go from Lincoln Center to Sherman Square, then the show that Gilbert, in his case, throughout the whole journey, might go by night.

Pornographic movies are full of people who climb into cars and drive for miles and miles, couples who waste incredible amounts of time sitting in at hotel desks, gentlemen who spend many minutes in elevators before reaching their rooms, girls who sit up various drunks and who fiddle insanely with hats and blouses before confessing suspiciously that they prefer Sappho to Don Juan. To put it simply, crudely, in porn movies, before you can see a healthy screw, you have to put up with a documentary that could be sponsored by the Traffic Department.

There are obvious reasons. A reason which Gilbert did

nothing but rape Gilbertron, front, back, and sideways, would be insatiable. Physically, for the actors, and economically, for the producer. And it would also be psychologically unbearable for the spectator. For the management to work, it must be played out against a background of normality. To depict normality is one of the most difficult things for any artist; whereas, at portraying deviance, crime, rape, torture, is very easy.

Theatrical, the pornographic movie must present normality—especially if the transgression is to have interest—in the way that every spectator conceives it. Therefore, if Gilbert has to take the bus and go from A to B, we will see Gilbert taking the bus and then the bus presenting from A to B. That often annoys the spectator, because they think they would like the unpredictable scenes to be continuous. But this is an illusion on their part. They couldn't bear a full hour and a half of unpredictable scenes. So the passages of wasted time are essential.

I repeat. Go into a movie theater [if I go from A to B, the characters take longer than you would like, then the film you are seeing is a paragraph].

# How to Lose It

BY ELIZABETH WURTZEL

**I** F ANY WHERE'S CONSTITUTING ENEMIES, drugs addled the situation even more. Today had not yet been scheduled by the DEA in any of the agency's official categories, so the little white capsules that looked like a vitamin supplement and felt like the re-tropicogen love bombs going off in your stomach—cortex, were still perfectly legal during my freshman year. I didn't like pot, I didn't like cocaine, I didn't like drinking—though I seemed to do all of them anyway—but ecstasy was meant just for me. On an X trip, I got to be away from myself for a little while.

Until I got out of hand. We wanted to do so much of it so often that almost everyone began to refer to me, Kirby, and our other pal, Jordan, as the ecstasy godlessness. We walked up to people at parties where we didn't know and tell them how much we loved them. On ecstasy, we were best friends with everybody, we no longer felt the class distinctions that were all over Harvard, we no longer thought

Elizabeth Wurtzel has the somewhat odd distinction of being among the first of the more than six million people who have been prescribed the antidepressant Prozac since it was introduced in 1988. Although Kirby well knows about Prozac—and other psychotropic drugs—are ambivalent. "I want out of this life on drugs," Wurtzel writes in her forthcoming memoir, *Prozac Nation*, a generally harrowing though often wry account of her ordinals up to her present age of twenty-six. Formerly the pop-culture critic for *The New Yorker* and *New York*, Wurtzel lives in Manhattan.



to be swayed by their money and their cocaine is still a mystery. Maybe I thought it was part of the Harvard experience.

**T**HREE DAYS BEFORE winter break, I realize I have botched out what I wake up on Noah Baldwin's moon on a Sunday after an ecstasy trip the night before. Noah is the heir to a banking fortune, an Adelphi boy from Philadelphia's Main Line who is such a beat that when Harvard told him he had to take time off before enrolling as a freshman, he seriously had a combat team to plan the year for him. He does so much coke that I have started to wonder how he will look with a third round. I don't really like him much, but for some reason I will do anything to get him to like me, an impossible task because he just doesn't. I keep thinking that if I could only win Noah's love, I would finally feel as if I've actually arrived at Harvard, appended myself to someone so integral to the place that the mindfucks in my head would stop exploding so long list.

So here I am, lying nearly naked on the carpet in the common room of the house, my head pillofed by a puddle of beer. Noah is next to me on the floor, we are wrapped in each other the way dried, burned flowers start talking together after a week in a vase. In my paranoid exhaustion, I can just barely survey the delabs of last night's mess. Since everyone smokes and cheeses goes with coffee there are ashes and little pink blobs attached to the coffee table and the floor, because everyone finds no spike on ecstasy when in fact they are extremely clannish, they are spiled hoover and empty plastic cups. There are mugs of cloching everywhere, mostly mine. But I can't see a clock through the blur of my distorted consciousness, which I should have taken out hours before, and I need to know what time it is because my grandparents are supposed to visit and I've got to meet them in my room sometime before noon. When I finally can see my watch, I can see that it's past two now, that they have probably come and gone, and that, besides, I've got a paper due tomorrow that I haven't even thought about yet. I find a panic come over me that doesn't quite snap because the residual effect of the ecstasy precipitates. But somewhere deep down inside, under all the anesthesia, I know I have really fucked up big time. I know that nothing is as it should be, nothing is even the way I wish it would be. I've slept through my grandparents' visit. I might as well sleep through the rest of my life, and I am so bored that I let out the loudest scream I've ever made.

Noah pops up frightened of how frightened I am, uses to silence me, signs people will think I'm being raped or murdered, but I can't stop screaming. He's terrified, he's wishing he'd never gotten mixed up with me, he's looking at me like I'm a tornado or a shark bowl that's just outside his window and way beyond his control, and he's just praying that the damage will be minimal. I keep screaming. Being a veteran prozac person, Noah is as used to acid freakouts as the middle of Grateful Dead shows that he knows how to cope, knows how to get into an otherwise undesired delousing mode. He puts on his clothes, manages to get me into my clothes, covers my mouth with his hand as he picks me up and walks me out the door and over to the emergency room at University Health Services, we're screaming all the way all the way through the Yard and the snow and the freezing cold.

Noah leaves me there, leaves me with a nurse who shuffles me into an examining room. The nurse calls the psychiatrist on duty. She won't let me leave, even though I keep saying, I've got to see my grandparents they're visiting for me, we have to go brunch, they're eighty years old, they drove up here from New York this morning. The same explanation that it's too late anyway, that it's 5 o'clock in the evening. But I just keep saying.

They say, "If I've done any drugs in the last energy-free hours, tell I say no." Then I say I guess I needed some pot and smoked some coke, but that was just to make the ecstasy last longer. I also add to them that I had some liquor, maybe a couple of six bottles somewhere in there, too. And then the doctor asks if I have a substance-abuse problem and all I can do is laugh. I laugh really hard and really loud, a howling-hysterical laugh because what I'm thinking is how nice it would be if my problem were drugs, if my problem weren't my whole damn life and how little relief factors in even drug periods. I keep laughing on my back, like a cat, and the doctor agrees to give me some Valium and keeps me half-prone on the adjustable examining table until I calm down. Maybe an hour goes by. In its quiet, grade-vip, the Valium latches my hysteria into a mere lack of affect, and after many other anxiety that I will be just fine, really will, the doctor sends me on my way telling me to go get some rest over winter vacation.

When I walk back to my room, there are eight messages from my grandparents, calling from various points in Connecticut, the final one saying that they're leaving. My ballroom, who say they used to call me all morning at Noah's but there was no answer, look at me like Tom a really bad person. But today says, "Maybe you should take some time off." Jennifer says, "What's wrong with you?" Everyone says nice things, but how can you drift to your grandparents—they're like dear people they used to never!

And I still can't do it. I walk into my room and crawl into bed. When I wake up, after a Voltron sleep that makes me think I'm running into a crap like my dad, I call my political-philosophy senior leader and tell him that I can't hand in the essay that's due tomorrow on time because I slipped on the ice and had a concussion. The girl who never once submitted a paper or an article a day late, the girl who lived for the small amount of structure that deadlines provide, seems to have decided that if this god stuff just doesn't matter anymore. That girl is gone. She is going home for winter break and never coming back.

**T**HAT THING IS, there was never any pleasure, no element of partying, in any of the drug use and abuse I was involved with. It was all so pathetic, so sad, so pathetic. I was losing myself with whatever avoidable medication I could find, doing whatever I could to just get my head in that off for a while. Maybe for Noah, who was pretty much a happy-go-lucky child of a happy home, coke and ecstasy were all about being party-hardy—I can remember his silly delight as he taught me how to do a bong hit, how to snort a line of cocaine without blowing the rest of the stuff off the mirror like in that scene in *Aussie*—but for me it was all just desperation. It wasn't just recreational drug use—I would feel myself, whenever I was in anyone's home, going through the medicine cabinet, stealing whatever Xanax or Avanil could

find, hoping to score the prescription narcotics like Percodan and codeine, usually prescribed following wisdom-tooth extraction or some other form of surgery. On Percodan, which is nothing less than industrial-strength puke-killer, I felt almost no pain. I would board those little tablets, and then lay up for a big pain emergency, and take them until nothing much remained anymore.

Bacal's drugs were no solution to any of my problems. I was a blower with a job in my hand, an insipid charmed self-glorification that I later renamed of the story about Spinoza trying to kill himself by drowning but failing because his feet got stuck in the dock. My God! how much I wanted just to be sane and calm on my own! I would have loved nothing better than to see my grandparents, to take them around Cambridge. I would have loved to take them to one of the calls where I spent long, lousy hours reading and gossiping and driving double exposure to stay awake. I would have loved to show them that I was all right after all, that their foreseen little grandfather who always seemed so bookish and nervous had really turned out okay.

During my senior year of high school, my first cousin—one of their other grandchildren—had married a Wall Street tycoon, had celebrated with a huge wedding at Windows on the Water, and had made the whole family an damn proud by raising such a good match. I knew I would never do anything like that. I knew I was attracted mostly to

hopeless bitches and other lost souls like me, but I wanted my grandparents to be impressed with the things I could do. I could write. I could study. I could get into Harvard. I looked forward to their visit with about the same amount of glee that a former fat girl who has dieted down into a glamorous woman looks forward to her tenth-year high school reunion. Neal could have come to lunch with us—at least in my fantasy he would have—and even though he wasn't Jewish, he was a charming Pennsylvania Baptist (his sisters had made their society debuts all over the Northeast) and my grandparents would head back home to Long Island thinking what a stunning colleague success I had been.

Instead, they were just wasted, wasted stiff, wondering what the hell had happened to their youngest grandchild, the one who used to come to their house every weekend and on every vacation when she was little because her mother breaks her father's sleep and there was no one to take care of her. They had practically raised me, and now they would wonder what had gone wrong. There was no way I could possibly explain to them that I was suffering from an acute depression, that a sort so intense that even when I wanted to get out of my own head and attend to other people's needs—as I had so much wanted to do that day—I couldn't. I was consumed by depression and by the drugs I took to combat it, so there was nothing left of me, no remainder of the self that could please them even for a few hours. I was useless to

attractiveness of the human female—and all are indicators of reproductive fitness. Men "fall in love," as we say, with this—or that pretty girl and pay great tribute to her attractiveness while laying siege to her chastity. But this shows men on end is (and for this purpose any good-looking female will do) is that hidden essence buried in her genetic makeup—the promise of bearing good children. That is what nature is concerned with, and that is the only thing nature is concerned with.

A "plain" or "ugly" woman, on the other hand, is one whose appearance reveals that she would probably not produce sound offspring—that based on man's intuitive and correct assumption that the offspring will tend to resemble the parent. For example, the woman is too old or far beyond completeness (indicative of poor health), emaciated, or she is too old, past the usual childbearing age, that revealed in their expression opposed to "beauty"—wrinkled skin, hunched posture, dull or watery eyes, a hulky or run-down body, sagging breasts, wide and sloppy buttocks, or excess.

And thus we see the pathetic spectacle, in all cultures where aging is not accepted, of women trying desperately to preserve their youth (far in that in her career)—and fighting—in an attempt to do so with artificial aids—the anomalies of the female young. She dyes her hair, the pants, means, smoothes her skin, she caps her teeth, she darkens her eyelids to make her eyes seem brighter, she exercises, she trifles or explores with foreign objects her old, worn-out, and useless breasts—a tragic and futile communion with the relentless, immutable, irreversible processes of biology, of aging, of the which we call, simply, time.

Most males are unaware of, or indifferent to, the tragedy of women and ignorance of the real nature of that blind but purposeful lust that enfolds men, drives them on in the overall pursuit, and makes them therefore as pathetic—subspecies derivative—as the aging women whom they neglect or discard.

Furthermore, men, too, are subject to similar criteria of

beauty, subject to the same process of flowering and decay, with, however, very important differences in degree. Since the germ plasm of the male is largely independent of his age and health, biologically sealed, his reproductive value is therefore not so identical with youth and health, and he enjoys a much longer sexual career than the woman, whose beauty is not so wholly involved in her anatomy.

Man enjoys a second great advantage as well. Since he dominates the world, controls its power and wealth, he is also able to dominate, control, and buy women; in fact, while men are attracted by youth and health and genetic fitness in women ("beauty"), women are chiefly attracted by wealth and power (in their numerous modes and variations) in men. That is, women are attracted not only by male beauty as by the signs and symbols of status, affluence, and the power in other aspects.

It may seem crude, even cruel, to reduce all the delightful phenomena of romance, love, sex, and marriage to these few hard, brutal facts—but indeed it would be fallacious to assert that love consists of nothing but these biological compulsions—but it is unshakable necessity if we wish to face the truth squarely.

And only if we face the truth can we surround, transmute, and escape the sexual role nature has assigned us, men and women both. Only by seeing and accepting the biological basis and laws of human life can we free ourselves from its sexual bondage, cease struggling against it or denying it or trying to outwit it and to stick each other—and thus, on that accursed path, perhaps begin to realize the potential of health, prosperity, and joy, and through sympathy, mutual aid, justice, creative work [the true forms of love], establish at last on earth a community and society among every man, every woman, will be free to fulfill the highest desires of the human soul.

—Mount Hermon Phi Lohota, California

September 14, 1986

# How to Pick a Woman

BY EDWARD ABBEY

**T**HAT WHICH MEN CALL BEAUTY in women, which leaves us as endearing parents, real and helpless as any other animal, is not some thing abstract or idiosyncratic or in the eye of the beholder only, but rather for apparent reasons for reproduction—in a word, women's beauty. This quality, in optimism, is equivalent to what all healthy men are susceptible to: What this, does feminine beauty consist of?

(1) Youth between fifteen and thirty—ideal childbear-

ing age—and most seriously found in conjunction with:

(2) Good health, bright eyes, glossy hair, clear skin, sweet breath, full and normally developed, strength, agility, sexual appetite, good disposition, and attractive figure—making a normal and healthy body (whether she is thin or bushy), and

(3) Genetic fitness: a corollary of the above, usually implying strength and regular food features (or least in the European sense) intelligence, good health, shapely (meaning healthy) limbs, absence of any physical or mental deformities.

Takes together, these three attributes make up the sexual



Edward Abbey once wrote that his books were generally greeted by the "doctrinaire buzzards of chickentell liberalism," although one assumes that Abbey was not necessarily complaining. That's because the former forest ranger, longtime environmental activist, and prolific author, who died in 1989, took an ornery delight in provoking howls of outrage from almost every quarter. And, indeed, he may once again with this diary entry written when Abbey was thirty-one. It will appear in *The Confessions of a Barbarian*, *Pages from the Journals of Edward Abbey*, to be published this fall by Little, Brown.

# How to Drink Beer

BY WILLIAM VOLLMANN

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA [1985]

**O**UTSIDE THE HOTEL WINDOW an Indian girl was saying, "Pay me, and a white man and it's in the car I'll get it, I promise. No, don't come with me, bitch, you just stand there and wait." I was going around the corner. I said you just stand there and wait—bitch, an Indian girl in Ojibway, that one—show herself down on the bed, grunting. She'd been hit by a car when she was drunk. When they took her to the hospital, she waited almost as long as the Indian girl outside the window, squirming, squirming the hundred until it grew as she did. Her face was yellow with piss, which was why she fell down on his bed while he closed the door, and then she said, "Turn out the fucking light."

the doctor. —When are you gonna see me? —When the bus stops, said the doctor shortly.—You're not busy now, you're just poking your nose in a bunch of goddamned papers! she shouted. What would you care if I left? —Boo-hoo, right, you said the doctor. I wouldn't care one bit —So she got up and stumbled out and got drunk, permitting her leg to swell still, which was why she'd staggered the damn blocks to the hotel room so slowly, almost giving up, which was why she'd limped up the two flights of steps above the platform, squirming the hundred until it grew as she did. Her face was yellow with piss, which was why she fell down on his bed while he closed the door, and then she said, "Turn out the fucking light!"

As he kissed her, she grabbed him with a thick arm that was all muscle and pressed his mouth against hers so that she could breathe into her life of gin and beer and bad food, and she locked the crook of her elbow around his neck to pull him more irresistibly under her tongue while her other hand snatched one of his and put it on the crook of her jeans—blister love to me, she begged. Fuck me good. Don't touch my leg.

He was here now, and she sobbed sharply so that her blouse became at the agonized croissants of a bulldog's horns, and then she said: I broke up with my boyfriend. Come feel my jealousy.

You lonely? he said.

Right now I'm having fun.

After that, she was moaning. Please make me come.

Three hours later, she sighed happily and said: You know what? I like your smile. I like your goddamn attitude! I like the way you make love.

I like the way you make love, too, he said. I like you.

She kissed him. If there were more guys like you, I'd stay in town. It's so fucking depressing on the reserve. I didn't even go to my sister's funeral. Everybody cryin' and stuff. She died cause the drunk took her.

They lay there for a while. She was naked from the knees up, but still never took off her blue jeans or shoes because of her leg. Her skin was not truly red except in her face and hands, where she'd been changed by the sunlight. The rest of her was a pale yellow ochre. She pulled his face down and kissed him.

I gotta go, she said.

How soon will you forget me?

I always remember everyone, she said.

Then she said: You want to come with me now? Come walk with me?

At that he felt a sudden spasm and was ready to go anywhere with her but that his caution became the wise, hard, old yellow shell behind his face and his caution said: Where do you want to walk to?

To get a bottle.

He remembered how shed been when he'd first picked her up on the sidewalk, stumbling, unkinking braided, scarcely able to talk or laugh, and for a moment he still wanted to go because if he'd done with her, he wouldn't care that she didn't care, but then the thought of it began to make her so tired, and he still. How about if I buy you breakfast tomorrow and then we walk?

She said: Okay. Come tomorrow morning. I promise. I'll stand outside. I'll wait. 8:00, 9:00, 10:00... no. I promise.

You don't want to come up?

No.

Okay. I'll come look for you at 9:00.

She kissed him over twice on the mouth, holding him so tight.

Then he unlocked the door.

How's your leg? he said.

Better, she said. Better from all the exercise.

And she smiled.

She kissed her face one more time. Then she humped down the stairs.

**A**T 9:00 THE NEXT MORNING, she wasn't there, and it was so she wasn't there. At 10:00 he had to go. He thought: What does that say about her? promiscuous and especially what does that say about the promise she made when she spread her legs without a ribbon, and I said: Do you have AIDS? and she shook her head very quickly without saying anything (she had my last smile, desperately against her neck) and I said: You promise? and she nodded?

He was looking for the key to the toilet down the hall when an Indian knocked on his door for rafing papers. The Indian said: What do you think of this hotel?

No such hotel.

Everybody wants a decent washroom, a kitchen... the Indian and I gonna fix her to punish myself. See, I'm from Alberta. I moved here to be with my wife. She was the most beautiful lady I've ever known. A full-blood, ayé! And she loved me! Then she left me, moved back to the reserve.

Fri sorry to hear that, he replied. Somebody left me, too. See she was coming back and she didn't.

You got papers or not?

None.

Fuck it. Let's have a quick one downstairs.

I need to catch a train out of this town.  
Break your neck, the Indian said. There'll be another train tomorrow. Give a round with me, ayé?

Wide Indian girls were playing pool downstairs, some well, some poorly, some completely drunkenly, and the cat ball glowed like the whites of their eyes—Fuck your train! his companion kept muttering with a scowling smile. They drank together steadily; his companion's cheeks glowed red like molten copper. Slowly his lips began to slide and neck and shoulder into a smile. Fuck my wife, he said happily. If you want, you can fuck my wife.

That instantly liquid, the color of stale pond water, convulsed him; the Indian girls sitting in a row rolled by a pillar on that dirty Saturday afternoon. A smirking Indian man with long braids approached the bar and someone and Chinese, my friend, and led her out. Another Indian came in with his head lowered, and the security man with his shaggy, shoulder-length hair who passed with his hands clasped behind his back immediately went to her and said This way—the Indian dropped his head still further. Then he went out the way he had come.

His companion was drunk now. It steady wouldn't be long before the bartender or the security man got him.

I'm Scottish, his companion said. Well, a little be Scottish. Mostly I'm Ojibway. There's a lot of us Ojibway in Wisconsin. That's us, and I don't give a fuck about the others. Those Coos. If they call me brother I'll drink their bottle if they're paying. I don't give a fuck about them. See that cockucker over there? He's Cree. He went after my wife once, so that's how he got that scar. See that cunt over there? That's his wife. I fucked her. She's Cree. Shit's just a star.

Indian girls with resounding shoulders, a tiny fistful of cigarette in each immense round fist, legs drinking beers, the greenish horses flanking the jagged against their blue-black bangs. A fat woman was smirking in the corner like a gay guy hiding under the snow, her head curled down on her back. The security man lifted her under the arms

and drugged her slowly, determinedly, out into the sun.

His companion drank another beer and burped and laughed and I'm fifty-seven years old, as I crawled my mother's legs I didn't a cootie-peach a day, so if it's make a part story, it'll be a minute, ayé? So what is what I say I been in Wisconsin eleven years, and I've fucked every hoodie in this town. A little policy policy, you know? Too much love!

The beer was blonde, brownish, like the roots of a crested wheatgrass, fizzy elements spilling down into the dirt deeper than a tall man's height, bitter happiness burning down into his belly. His companion was hunting hoodies now like a man with his long rifle and red band band, riding close on his pony, strung as a wide-eyed buffalo. He stood up, began to stalk two women playing pool, and fell on his face. By the time he'd discovered how to plant his feet beneath him again, the bartender was beside him, pointing gently to the doorway. The man began to walk out. Suddenly he turned and spread his available, gashous clouds like an Atlantic wolffish whose seven somes open in show its faint expectancy chewing motions in sharp yellow teeth, and the man's gold ridged black pupils glared and bulged forward as he shouted: You gonna try an' fuck my wife again? That's my wife you fucked last night!

Then the rain fell on him.

Left to himself, the john drank another beer. He saw a tigay woman with many parallel scars across her wrists (her face like one of those agave bark barkets with rounded corners for witnessing rust), and he remembered how last night his companion's wife had and Funny things happen in this town. Like my cousin Maria. She kept trying to kill herself. Gash her wrist so many times with a knife, try to jump off a bridge, all that stuff. Well, she wanted to commit suicide, but she didn't have the guts in her sleep.

Did you love her very much?

Her? I hate her! god! she'd laughed.

Pounding the bottle, he went to the woman and said: What's your name?

Maria.

I thought you died in your sleep.

I did, she responded. Then the security man came and pushed her out.

IT WAS SHORT SWEAT, and he was alone. One tubby girl went up for another beer, and he saw the bartender take her lovingly by the shoulders, kiss her neck, and begin to

push. He pushed her down the corridor that led past the hotel desk to outside, and then he came back. The lonely rain went on to see what had become of her. She was on the street, trying to buy a cab but flagging in midgesong what she was about—Everyone's hustling me tonight, she sleep. And now I can't get a cab. I need a fucking cab! Call me a fucking cab! I need to eat! I wanna ped! Find my shoes for me, please.

Her asymmetrical purple mouth exploded, slobbered and kissed him.

The late darkness of summer had begun to dim the hot gray night. On Main Street sat a dozen Indian bartenders, and when he gave him change, the bartender stared at the coins, rolling up on his palm without comprehending, and he walked past three Indian boys in baseball caps, giggling, and came to the old Indian hooker who had to hold on to a lampost to keep from falling down, her tongue the brown, black-blended, hairy oval of a queen bee laboring in the dirt under the snow of men's mouths, and after her he left, passing Indians leaning in front of bars that served beer downstairs, and a piece of thunderclap blew against his face from a vacant lot full of puddles and frost-crusted mud and bear bones and plastic and dentures and charred remains and housearts, and he began to run again. The vacant lot was a slice of nothing, and nothing was an Ojibway word. Across the street, an Indian in a blue cap walked head down, looking something, and then he turned and looked it back the way he had come. An Indian in a fringed leather jacket stood energetically, swiveling his arms. Three Indian boys came out and, Why you fuckin' Indian? where? It's time for another fucking round, so he's fucking go.

He remembered how his companion's wife (who was on probation for assault) had said to him: We have our traditions. We have our power. Like, suppose it's stormy outside in the morning and we want it to be cooler weather. All we got to do is pray. I want it to be a nice day, and then smoke a pipe, and pretty quick it calms down.

He saw the woman who had died in her sleep and said to her: Can you stop the rain?

Sure, she said. Anytime. As long as it's not raining beer. A Mauve came to shove her along and she said: Did you notice there's a red stripe on your leg?

Oh, fuck off, the Mauve said.

Did you notice that you're wearing a bulletproof vest?

Yeah, I noticed that all right, Maria.

Are you wearing bulletproof underwear too? Ah, baba, baba, baba!

William Vollmann recently returned from Bosnia, where, on assignment for *Spiegel*, he survived an attack by Muslim forces who mistakenly mistook him for a Croatian fighter as he traveled by jeep between Mostar and Sarajevo. In fact, he was apparently released by the very soldiers who killed the two journalists riding in the front seat. Vollmann's next trip will take him into the potentially safer regions of the American South (although he will be visiting Miami) in search of practitioners of voodoo. "How to Break Beer" will eventually be included in a collection called *The After*.



Tommy Hilfiger goes tailored; fall styles on the cast of *Models Inc.*

**On Fashion:** Woody Hochswender

# Knit Wit

**N**OT SINCE THE 1950s, when Perry Como's fuzzy shape warmed America's living rooms and Andy Williams repopularized the cardigan, has knitwear been so much in the forefront of men's fashion. For fall, Calvin Klein showed many of his suits with V-neck sweaters instead of shirts and ties. Giorgio Armani had three-piece suits that were made of knit fabric, and his

woven garments were so softly tailored that they seemed like sweaters. And everywhere there were the bulky, oversize sweaters that have become a fixture among a new generation of men. The sweater in fact, is now very much a "fashion" item, which is to say something designers focus on to express their creativity.

The origins of the garment are not quite as clear. The sweater was originally designed to make the wearer sweat, hence the name. According to one theory, it was introduced in the mid-nineteenth century as a gassy worn by sportsmen (feldt sweaters were referred to as jockeys, after sailors from the Isle of Jersey, who wore a heavy knitted type). An alternative version holds that the concept comes from home

men who used heavy blankets called sweaters to keep their labored horses warm after a run.

In any event, the practice of layering date to prehistoric times (fishermen in a basic form used by almost all primitive peoples), and long garments have been used throughout history. By the 1800s, sweaters were already being made in the form of cardigans, and by the 1900s, sweater styles were widely adopted by college students and for sports like golf and tennis. And though normally, sweaters were most associated with the workingman, who opted for warmth and utility, and this is the style that influences today's designers.

**Well-knit max:** Cardigan-style coat by Donna Karan, above. Armani's sweater suit, left.

The designer sweaters that are sweeping the men's wear market have many proletarian touches. Weeds that are rough and unfinished, open cuffs that hang over the wrists, and the absence of a waistband. A new



style of men's wear collections is the over-size sweater, often in tartancheck style, made extra long so that it extends below the hips. Similar sweaters are also shown with roll or crew necks and bulky fabrics, reminiscent of both the thick

**Tailored knitwear:** Coat (left) has V-neck under suit, left, or extra belt-like, bottom. Armani's coat and trousers, below

porpoise sweater (named for sport newspaper) and the fisherman's sweater, with its cable knitting.

"The fit of knitwear is really different now," says Joseph Abboud, who features interesting looks in his fall collection, especially in his lower-priced line, J.O.E., which has a kind of work-toughness spirit. "It's a whole different look set. When I was growing up, a sweater had a good waistband, a traditional fit. If it was stretched out, we'd say it was lousy. Today, it can be kind of like a pants suit. There's no question, that kind of sweater is very comfortable."

In their runway shows, Abboud and other designers also pair two sweaters in the same outfit, for a male version of the sweater. But the look is from the culture-war-punk-Saints-Ranger angle. It's much more rugged. The second sweater functions



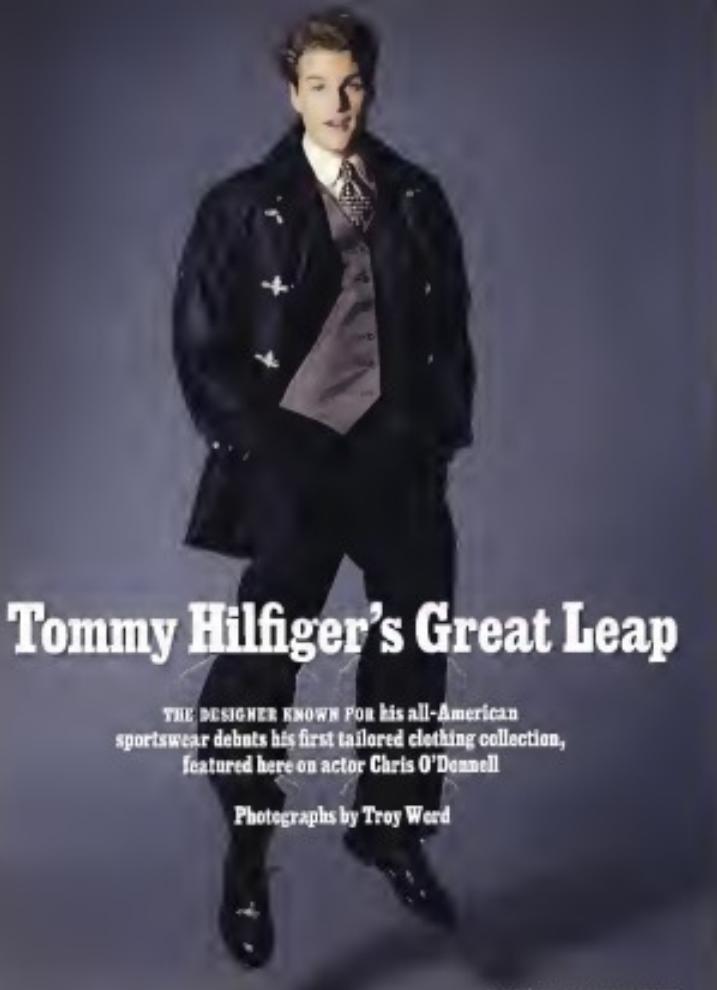
**Sweater sart:** Knits are so important in men's wear that designers show sweaters—but with a masculine attitude. Above, sweater by Karin, right, above and below, J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud

both as advances in the manufacturing of yarns and to the trend toward natural, homespun, elegant-looking clothing. These are being made not only in more interesting, muted colors but also in lighter-weight wool mixed with viscose and rayon—that paradoxically have a "leather" look. These looks sum hairy but also seriously light and comfortable. And comfort has always been a big part of the game in men's wear.

"It's an arbitrary way to dress for men," says Donna Karan, who has long sweater jackets in her fall men's line. "It's relaxed, unconstructed. A lot of men don't realize that there is sweater dressing. It's about comfort and ease."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PIERRE SCHERMAN



## Tommy Hilfiger's Great Leap

THE DESIGNER KNOWN FOR his all-American sportswear debuts his first tailored clothing collection, featured here on actor Chris O'Donnell

Photographs by Troy Word

Tommy Hilfiger, who has spent the last decade building a thriving sportswear business, introduces his first complete line of tailored clothing this fall—classically inspired suits, sport jackets, and coats. And while he naturally hopes to bring in new customers, Hilfiger also acknowledges that "this collection is for guys who grew up on my clothes." Like his sportswear, Hilfiger's tailored looks straddle what he calls the "hip world and the traditional." Whatever you call it, the new collection, manufactured by Hartmarx, is an important entry in the men's-wear market. And tailored wear is by no means the limit for the designer, who's launching a men's fragrance, by Estée Lauder, later this year.

The English country-cottage Revival: A patterned cotton-blend double-breasted suit, light-colored checkered shirt and solid patterned tie. Opposite: the relaxed long-sleeved wool shirt and trousers. See, right, how to make the leather belt.

© 1992 by Men's Wearhouse.

Baldwin's been about the business of getting his career off the ground, but he's got a ways to go before he's the next George Clooney or Matt Damon. Here's what we know about the 27-year-old star.

The suit has three pieces,  
but the vest makes the waistcoat  
look like it's more than just a  
decorative touch. On this page,  
Baldwin's road-trip ensemble  
includes a light-colored shirt, white tie,  
and a patterned pocket square by Brooks Brothers.



Whether it's as the doomed Buddy in *Fried Green Tomatoes*, Al Pacino's henchman in *Scent of a Woman*, or that would-be swordsman D'Artagnan in *The Three Musketeers*, Chris O'Donnell has made his brief but impressive career portraying nice young men. Up next for O'Donnell is *Circle of Friends*, which he recently finished shooting in Ireland. Then he's set to star in *Mad Love* with Drew Barrymore, who has been known to bring out the bad boy in a fellow or two.



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## Solid Knits

Swirling dressing robes are just a step up from the solid knit shapes of *Models Inc.* Here, from left, Models Inc.'s Jennifer Landon (far left) in a modish sweater by Bobbi Brown; Karen Baldwin's jacket (center); T. Monk hand-knit pullover by Connie de Lapeyrière; sweater by Diane von Furstenberg; sweater by Jennifer Tilly; and Karen Baldwin's (far right) one-shoulder V-neck sweater by Cabot Klein; and solid knit vest by Double K, by Ralph Lauren. The others' sweaters—left to right: Laraine-Nicole Rose, Tricia Mai, Cindy Margolis, and Kyle Turner—all wear knitwear from *Models Inc.* (except Cindy Margolis' sweater), available at C. Calico (800-227-2222) and most major high-end department stores. *by Lauren Klein*

# Trends Inc.

THE CAST MEMBERS of the sizzling new series *Models Inc.* take a break from TV acting to live up to their show's title—by modeling the season's top looks

Photographs by Davis Factor

**I**t's too bad that Tom (Stephanie Bonavou) got hurt off a balcony to her death in the first episode of *Models Ave.* She was the only real working model in the cast. But Arne Spelling wasn't taking any chances with his current foray into the cutthroat world of modeling. In perhaps his most gloriously risk-averse coup to date, the king of *soapscomer* TV may have come up with his most successful formula—a spin-off of *Melrose Place* with even better-looking protagonists. Bitchier, too, although Spelling's two hyperactive writers, Chuck Pratt Jr. and Frank Sorth, bristle at the idea of their chief Little Miss Evil being labeled so simply. "Julie doesn't see herself as an animal; she sees herself as misunderstood," they insist. In fact, murder is mild compared with the "roller-coaster ride" the public has in store for their beautiful septet. Andromeda and Ishmael, for example, are subjects more than likely to be sneaked—in disguised form—into the story line. As for the inevitable follow-up to *Models Ave.*: "Oh, *Huskers Ave.*, I think," says Pratt. "I understand PBS is already very interested."

—Christa D'Souza

#### Mix and Match

One of the strongest new trends in amateurish suspense, and one many people want to keep "in" suspense, and suspense has been represented by *Deathhead Doublecross*, Leslie H. Wright's Western and mystery and science fiction by *The Star Beasties*, and mystery and suspense and science fiction by *Highway Robbery*. There were also some very good science fiction thrillers by *Death's Edge*, a carriage overseen by E. Hugh Gough, and *Death by Human*—both written by *Bert* Bascom. New hemorrhage peaked by *Death*, May Gurney, was brought down by *Death*, Tom Tamm, and *Death*, John D. MacDonald, and *Death*, the last word and all-risk, by *Death*, Eight, written by George S. Bentz, a shortie pecked by *Kathleen* (Hammond), as was next by *Katherine* (Bennett). *Death*, miasma and sweat, was narrated by *Death*, Basile, Rita,





## **Steering's Rough Lane**

of the organization, as Indian River has no organized movement, and it is known that the movement will not increase, and, therefore the organization strength increases, and its influence decreases.

**M**E DAUGHTER Tori taught me so much for *Beverly Hills* and *Melrose Place*. For Models Inc., her advice has been invaluable. As a matter of fact, it has been proved in a survey that women emulate Tori much more than Kate Moss or any of those other supermodels."

—AARON SPEALING  
Creator of Models Inc.

### Corduroy Comeback

Stapled, belted, or bright-colored, this standby fabric has never looked so cool. Left to right: Black belted corduroy jacket and belt by Giorgio Armani; corduroy parka by John Lobb for Mervin's; Corduroy jacket and velvet miniskirt by Katharine Hamnett Design; Corduroy jacket by Paul Smith; Jersey-waist corduroy swing jacket by CK Calvin Klein; Single-breasted, three-button corduroy suit by Giorgio Armani; Corduroy jacket by John Lobb for Mervin's; Black saddle bags, John Lobb for Mervin's; suede knee-high boots, Calvin Klein.

Hair by Eric Bladell and Steven Gaskin, InStyle Creative Team; makeup by Anna Wintour; styling and photographing: Marisa Scott for InStyle; photo set by Terry Jansen. See more celebrities on page 264.





## MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

# New Adventures of the Man in Black

**H**E WASN'T WEARING BLACK, he was wearing mud. When he took the mule and began to pump gas into his big country bus, he signed off as if that were what he did all day, scrapping for a dollar in the Indiana truck stop—but when he was sitting in here, he stopped up, way bigger than you'd figure and about as fresh.

"Hello, I'm Johnny Cash," he said in that raspy, gravel voice, holding up his giant hand.

"Of course you are," my friend replied. Who else could he be?

More than twenty years later, the memory still thrills, because Johnny Cash has always been a hero. He taught me things. When I was in college, a sun-soaked Berkeley radical, Cash taught me that not everyone born in places like Kingwood, Arkansas, where people work with their hands and talk like LBJ, was a head-eyed racist standing behind a fundamentalist counter with an ax handle. No happy, Cash was a whole new kind of South. He had Dylan on his TV show and sang songs like "Sunglasses at Night" (Toliver Blues) and "What Is There?" which struck exactly the right popular pro-war-veteran note, but beyond that Cash taught me it was possible for a white man influenced with the Pentecostal spirit—some Jesus疾患者—to be not only smarter than a weasle like his big sister, too.

Now it's time to point out that in nations of heaven and hell, the Man in Black, while a gilded chocoate, is not absolutely pleased by Black Whores. For this reason, J. C. will always be a second-best country singer. But this does little to detract from his perfect embodiment of Dylan's maxim that "to live outside the law you must be honest." Walking taller than John Wayne in clever boots, Cash represents the best exemplar of the mythological American Man (He's the progenitor of the sulfurous Rastafarians, and if that isn't a ruse, tell me what it). A lot of guys sell millions of records by dropping themselves in the muck of the outlaw, but no one ever (boldly) claimed the message of purity and violence as Cash has for the past forty years (an adorably documented in Columbus's room three-disc compilation). If some gangster rapper were to prison and sing about how he "shat a man in Religion to watch him die" (whipping the pulpit into a frenzy), Black Lambanga would be in his face on a New York soundcheck. The body count in Cash's work may not need fire Cubes, but like the song says, it's a few feet high and rising. Does Cash get away with it because the next song's about Jesus or a boy named

Sac? Or is it that his song's almost amateurish, insatiable since his first tour inside Sam Phillips's Sun studios, so is it an oral loquacious that it appears in memory from Yeshua himself, noted dispenser of peace and violence?

None of this brainstone-leptite quality has been lost in Rick Rubin, the producer of Cash's latest, *American Recordings* (Arista). On the surface, the Cash-Rubin alliance seems only cut, but these strange women can deep. Rubin, a Quaker, New York, boy, learned his last share about musical doomsday apocalypticism as the founder of the celebrated Def Jam label, on which he produced LL Cool J and helped invent the Beastie Boys. Rubin plays this steady sprawl of stages in the sprout of circumstances just like the Man in Black and his guitar. And if this maternal notion was calculated to open a space capable of accommodating Cash's ample Corpus, McCarthy-esque emotional disaccord, well, maybe Rick should be producer of the year.

There's a starkly analytical, if vaguely hokey, cast to *American Recordings*. One thing about Johnny Cash: He has not mellowed with age. If anything, he grows less sentimental by the day. Stained by his brainstorms, Cash is nonetheless drawn to darkness like an amoeba. Telling the ever-fertile boundaries of psychopathy, Cash sings (with more self-enclosed acoustics than usual) of "Delta," where our depressed guide gradually descends, rising to a chair in the parlor and shooting at the side. "The Devil is in me," he sings, "I tagged by fault and fragile banishment by doled by mighty men and rains at the east." The protagonist of "Thirteen" (the number tattooed on his neck) knows the Devil as well. "I pray you don't look at me, I pray I don't look back." Out of the exordi straggle in the midriff of hunkly unk morality only one winner can emerge. From the hands it came down from the sole it came down from the feet it came down and to the ground... In the deep crimson dew the Tree of Life grew." Cash sings in "Redemption": "Deliverance is no walk in this park in this particular universe, but it is possible."

Heavy dude, the Johnny Cash in "Man in Black" (1969), he explains why his appearance has a "sober taw": and why you'll "never see bright colors on my back." He's a witness for prisoners, "redlines ones whose bad trips left them cold for those who haven't heard the words that Jesus said," for the "thousands who have disbelieving and the Lord was on our side." "Well," Cash concludes, "we're doing mighty fine. I'd suppose on our streaks of lightning cars and fancy clothes just as we're surrounded of the ones who are bald back... I'm the Man in Black." *Forsythia*, I'll look both ways first and then prove God he's still there. ■



## BOOKS

Will Blythe

# White Boys Can Fly

**I**S THERE ANYTHING more insanely tedious than reading a detective novel? Maybe watching paint dry. Or observing the New York Knicks on offense. [Boring.] The point is, we know in advance the fundamental design of the detective story, that we will be presented with a discernible mystery that may—or may not—be solved by novel's end. In a sense, the detective novel is the most purely literary of genres in that it is the most genial, the most self-contained.

Even the postmodern whodunits, of which there are many, make obvious use of mystery as the story's animating force. Peter Handke's wonderful novel *The Gothic's Avenger* is frisby-folk (wooden-fil because of its conception), for example, or Amosov's film *Blow Up*. Of course, the audience for books like these is meant to experience a little bit of fun because the mystery they usually go in with isn't about Detective novel or police fiction novel—I say it's still speech and I say to hell with it.

All that chardonnay is by way of admitting—right off the bat—but that I am fundamentally incapable of appreciating mystery stories that announce themselves as such, which may explain why I have always had a massive blind spot when it comes to appreciating the much-emulated ex-France metaphysical detective novels of Paul Auster (his dramatic reputation isn't half-bad either, burnished by laudatory reviews in such connoisseurship organs as *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, which has labeled him an "acrossing American star"). The Magician King of Auster's camp is his famous New York lawyer. Having read it, I remain puzzled. Auster toys with the mystery genre, making a rather academic survey of the dissonances that arise when you realize the discrepancy between your life and the narratives that drive from within and without to give it meaning. But is this realization, for most of us, unaffordable, any longer now? There's simply something too overintelligenced, too prime and tidy, about these grand overhauls. Too many easy, too many inside jokes, not enough grit.

Now the newest Auster novel has arrived, the light-as-air *Mr. Bering* (Viking), in which the author does to the American call what something similar to what he has already done to the detective genre, turning it into at best an all-American parable of art-making reminiscent of Kafka's *A Hunger Artist*, and at worst into...well, an American call tale chopped off at the knees by the raw hardness of postmodernism. It traces the hard rise and fall of Welsh the Wonder Boy as Wilker Clarnborne Rowley, a.k.a. Louisa scamp who in rage is rescued from the streets by the mysterious Master Yeshua, who preaches with the boy's thousand berths

day he will have taught him to fly. Yeshua spouts young Welsh to a Kosher pig farm where he is taken in by a surrogate family that might as well be a 1930s chapter of the Rainbow Coalition. There is Yeshua, a Jew, Mother Susan, an Indian, and Asleep, a Negro. They instruct the young, what (and really racist) ingenuities not only how to live but—and this actually works easier than flying—how to live people of all races and creeds. "I constantly feel Mother Susan's lips brush against my cheeks," Welsh confesses after a few months of reeducation in Kansas. "It brought such a warm and welcoming glow. I realized I didn't care where a had come from. If that choleric Indian guy was around to punch me like that, then he God is her..." Ah, shut up and fly, white boy!

I know Mr. Bering is something of a farce, and I've

## Credits

Fashion

Tommy Müller's *Gross Lapp*, page 159. Tommy Müller went (1933) and (1935) after (1931), and he (1935) in fine department and specialty stores nationwide. To Boot By Adlon Derrick those (1935) or Beginning Goodman Adlon New York, Silverside, Washington D. C. Illinois Chicago fine influences coming to boot there, Milwaukee, St. Paul, New York, New York 10-4144. See page 158. Tommy Müller went (1935) and territorial (1935) in fine department and specialty stores nationwide.

The page 119 Tommy Hilfiger used (page), *west* (page), *east* (page) and the *west* (page) at East design stores and specialty stores nationwide.

The page 121 Tommy Hilfiger suit (page), store (page) and the *west* (page) in five department and specialty stores nationwide. Photo not shown. Located in One Penn Plaza, New York Magazine, Miami Beach, Sun City Hill, Los Angeles. For information contact: Student 121 West Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

No. 112, Tommy Hilfiger suits (page) and

1992 (1993) at five department and specialty stores nationwide. Country Franklin and Company (1993) at Barnes New York, New York Stock Exchange. Franklin Hills, Hill Lane Associates. For information contact: George Franklin, 101 Franklin Street, New York, New York 10006. J.M. Weston shoes (1993) at 101 Weston New York. For information contact: J.M. Weston, 42 East 47th Street, New York, New York 10017. Gato gloves at five department stores nationwide. Franklin Hills, 427 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

On page 113, Thomas Helgesen sporadically (and) and (various) (s-a-g) at his department and specifically notes numerous Cemetery Protection Institute (page 1) in Brooklyn New York, New York Institute Minneapolis, Sioux City, Los Angeles. For information contact Henry Brinkley at 1000 Fifth Street, New York New York 10010.

**Trends Inc.**, pages 114 and 115. Tokyo Yamanashi to website (http://www.tokyoyamanashi-honpo.com), New York, Japan, Indianapolis, Indiana, San Francisco. For information contact Tokyo International 101 Grand Street, New York, New York 10013.

by Ralph Lauren Fine Couture, New York,  
New York 10016

in pages 158 and 177. *Soriano Gagli* (part 1) at Spanish Romeo Gagli, New York, Bar Italia, New York, New York; *Laura, Borsa, Cosecche, tramezzini* (part 2) at Spanish Romeo Gagli, New York, Spanish New York, *Bella Luce*, New York; *Alto* (part 3) at Spanish Romeo Gagli, New York, *Romano New York*, New York; *Louise, Boston* (part 4) *Gigli* (overseas) (part 5) at Spanish Romeo Gagli, *Gigli Madri*, Teatro Sancarlos Gagli, Milano (part 6) at Spanish Romeo Gagli, New York. For additional easier

For information contact: Jerry J. Gaffey, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, Room 1000, New York, New York 10019; Double R, by Ralph Lauren, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; Ralph Lauren, New York and Beverly Hills; for information contact: Edie by Ralph Lauren, 100 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; Joseph A. Bank Clothiers (Bank), 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; New York and Beverly Hills; Salo's Fifth Avenue, 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; Bonwit Teller, located at Stevens Square Galleries, New York, New York 10019.

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Julie Baumgold

## Hammering Down Clark Gable

**A** COLLECTION OF BOOKS This is the first item in the Clark Gable issues," said the woman in the peach suit at Christie's East. What would you know about this man, Gable dead and on the block? That he had monograms and brown leather? That he was a sportsman and a man who traveled a lot. That he used his things hard and he lived with a certain strength. That he was fond of his past even if his son was not. He had good taste, he liked simple things, except for the golf club covers probably given to him by some women. He hunted and fished and played golf, and he liked cards to hold his cigarettes. Few can almost smell this cigar smoke phuming. If he had a middle initial, he did not like it or bother with it.

There were his personal checks, big, deep yellow, mostly checks, typed out. I think I remember reading once that he was a big right with his money. There's no fee to the Beverly Hills Club, \$6 to K.C. Moore, \$6 to Frigid Food Bank, \$9 to Live Oak Nursery, \$12 to Peacock Bookshop, \$10 to the Automobile Club of Southern California, all rockin' away powerfully instead of the math. He paid Emma Dahl top for what he knew about art. He belonged to the Books of the Month Club and paid it in. He owned Mans and Supermen by George Bernard Shaw, and It Can Happen Here by Studs Terkel. He had books by Somerset Maugham, Joseph Conrad, Elizabeth Bowen, as well as Chekhov and Ed Sullivan. Those books had the bookplate KATHLEEN AND CLARK GABLE with a date. There was another great set of books plated for just plain CLARK GABLE—a shield with a bear's head atop a knight's helmet. And all that taken on another dimension because it says Clark Gable was here, Gable shot with us, Gable cooked on me, Gable played with me and god we around his waist and, more to the point, earned me.

In a glass case with the books were his pipe player and record-album case, which had gotten wet on the bottom at some point in history, a small statuette and a planter in the shape of a rhinoceros. The case from *The Major* had signed a photograph "Fondly from a friend, Monroe."



How much for the blue jeans? The author's estate is now gone with the wind.

signed Montgomery Clift. "From One Medium Actor to Another," wrote Eli Wallach. I think it was Monroe who signed to Gable "with so much adoration." There were brown leather-bound scripts for *Low Star, Admetem, Key to the City, Any Number Can Play*, and a photograph of Gable looking well and wind-ruffled with John Barrymore at a golf practice in the Hollywood Hills.

Up on a carpet platform were all his camping things—four Hurricane lamps, his framed kit, pots and pans and spoons. Off to the side was a giant silver chafing dish that says Big Hollywood Party—survivors in the snow, when women in skin dresses eat on the base, chafing near the pool, trying not to stare at themselves and the like, rough moguls with Loreta, Anna, Rita, Claudette, Kate. But for now, it's camping out. Picnic hamper, Castle Laramie on a blanket when they struck off together. A metal-faced cooler. He liked to drink. Men like, spike and spike lots so you get a seat, and Gable crushed to fight his camping stories. No children at night, for he was childless until after his death (though now it is being said that a baby girl Loreta Young "adopted" was his love child, it was called then).

I haven't even come to the sporti equipment, the lonely luggage. No more trips. The fishing basket with that worn strip when the pole was inserted like a flag at a parade.

He was a gentleman. I would say this was not his best gambling time, for the leather is cheap, stamped to look like alligator as though it were from early on in his career. It has a massive roulette wheel and dice and sheet paper and dominoes and poker chips. Here is Gable, the famous double-eyed gaze in the poker table, his fist wrapped around a timber full of dark haggar holding his cards close, entreating his buddies and never, never cheating.

He is leading a horse or an old wooden station wagon. In a trench coat, he is hoisting the luggage from the truck on to a platform, onto the back of a car. He is sleeping with Claudette Colbert in a haystack. His hat is crooked on his head, his smile is crooked. He has grown into his case.

The smile on Vivien Leigh's face the next morning—that's what they are selling at Christie's [see sidebar page 127].



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